

THE ATHENÆUM

Journal of English and Foreign Literature, Science, and the Fine Arts.

No. 215.

LONDON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 10, 1831.

PRICE
FOURPENCE.

In compliance with the desire of many well-informed persons, to extend as much as possible the diffusion of General Literature and Useful Knowledge, this Paper has been REDUCED IN PRICE from Eightpence to FOURPENCE, at which rate all the previous Numbers may now be had.

REVIEWS

Romance and Reality. By L. E. L., Author of 'The Improvisatrice,' &c. 3 vols. London, 1831. Colburn & Bentley.

We were always of opinion that Miss Landon's poetry failed in giving a just estimate of Miss Landon's powers. Glowing with imagery, radiant with bright words, seductive with fond fancies,

Full of carving strange and sweet,
All made out of the carver's brain,
For a lady's chamber meet,—

picturesque, arabesque, and romanesque, it yet lacked vigour and variety—often abounded in carelessness, and dealt too much in the superficial. It bore too great a resemblance to Thalaba's palace in the desert, a structure that Mr. Canning probably had in his mind when he said of all splendid but unsubstantial creations, "they rose in the mists of the morning, but dissolved in the noonday sun." Sand often contains gold, yet sand makes a sorry foundation, and we have often wished that L. E. L. would dig till she reached the rock. So far from agreeing with the objections brought by many grave and corporate critics against the superabundance of "Love" in her verses, we have wished for more that could really deserve the name,—taking leave to think that the sparkling sentiment which has idleness and self-will for its parents, and an impersonation of moonlight and a serenade for bridesmaids, bore passing small resemblance to intense yet rational feeling; real, yet not ungovernable energy of soul. Again, without going the length of other "robustious periwigged" objections raised against her landscape drawing, we have ventured to wish her on more familiar terms with lady Nature; and, finally, as she has undoubtedly founded a poetic school, we have unfeignedly wished that she would whip some dozen of her scholars. The faults of an original may be merged in the light of his beauties; but the faults of a copyist call for the wet sponge of annihilation. What made us think that Miss Landon possessed "powers that she had never used," were occasional lines and passages manifesting, not merely thought, but a capacity for speculating upon thought—a deeper looking into man's heart and destiny—and loftier aspirations after all "that is very far off," than might besem troubadours and improvisatrici. 'Erinna,' notwithstanding its incorrect versification, proved that there was iron in the rose; the 'Lines on Life' breathed wisdom born of tears and nursed of truth; whilst the majority of her later poems have proved her in possession not only of the genii of the lamp, but of the master of the genii; not only of fancy, that builds with gold and gems, but of truth and thought, that bring the living spirit to inhabit. In that most convenient of

places—*somewhere*, we remember to have read an apologue, which, as not inapplicable, we shall narrate. When the Queen of Sheba went to prove King Solomon with hard questions, she appeared one day before him with two wreaths of flowers, the one natural, the other artificial, but both so apparently alike as to render her request that he would distinguish them at a distance somewhat difficult of performance. The wisest of men and best of botanists was puzzled—but, observing a bee outside one of the palace windows, he ordered its admission and watched its movements. The little honey merchant was neither to be deceived nor allured by the bright hues of the artificial wreath, but guided the monarch's decision by settling instantly on the one really composed of the roses of Sharon and the lilies of the valley. Would that all poets allowed a bee (sympathy) to discern for them the difference between the false and true—Miss Landon has done so of late, and if her verses have not glittered quite so much with diamond dust, or exhaled so much of the spice islands, the absence has been well supplied by fresh dews and natural brightness. It is a flower-garden beside a fairy tale.

But it was to the prose work intended to proceed from her pen that we looked with most expectation, as the test, trial, and, if the truth must be told, triumph of Miss Landon, and of our own particular opinion of her mind. The work is here; we have read it with as much attention as if it had been theology, and as much excitement as if it had been treason. To call it a novel is incorrect; plot, incident, and narrative of all kinds, would go into a nut, or, to be literally correct, into a walnut-shell. Let no lover of history and mystery, no demander of event and catastrophe, no old-fashioned believer in its being equally the duty of governments to put down plots, and of novelists to purvey them—no person who reads a book merely to know what happens in it, sit down to 'Romance and Reality.' If they inquire of us, "who or what is the Romance?"—"who or what is the Reality?" we cannot answer, for the very primitive reason of not knowing. Those who care little about story, or who can wait for it till the third volume, will find real and delightful occupation in its pages. The correct title of the work would have been 'Maxims and Characters'—for it is composed of essays, criticisms, sketches of life, portraits living and dead, opinions on manners, descriptions of feeling, all served up with so much wit that the authoress might never have been sad,—with so much poetic and moral feeling that she might never have been gay. Perused as a work of fiction, it is too desultory and incorrect to be satisfactory; it must be read as a brilliant, and sometimes profound commentary on the life of this

"century of crowds"—as the result of keen and varied observation and reflection: in this view we cannot but esteem it a remarkable evidence of talent. We ask the poetry of the authoress, where, till now, dwelt the brave good sense—the sarcasm bitter with medicine, not poison—the remarks that, beginning in levity, die off into reflection—the *persiflage* that is only a feint to conceal love of the beautiful and longing after the true? and the 'Improvisatrice,' the 'Troubadour,' and the 'Venetian Bracelet,' answer—"Where?" How much there is that poetry cannot or must not convey. As the Ettrick Shepherd says, "Blessings on the man who first invented sleep"—so we say, "Honour to the patriarchs, who undoubtedly all wrote in prose!" But for 'Romance and Reality' in prose, half our island might never have awoke from their dream that L. E. L. was an avatar of blue eyes, flaxen ringlets, and a susceptible heart! The counter conviction, that her genius is infinitely more like an arrow, barbed at one end and feathered at the other, will dismay a thousand fancies, the cherished growth of albums and sixteen. Take for example the following outline of a domestic day and a domestic savage; we are heathens if they would not be recognizable at the foot of the Pyramids.

"Monday and two o'clock found Emily in Harley Street, rather sooner than she was expected, as was evident from that silken rustle which marks a female retreat. A discreet visitor on such occasions advances straight to the window or the glass: Emily did the latter; and five minutes of contemplation ascertained the fact that her *capote* would endure a slight tendency to the left. She then took a seat on the hard, or, as they say of hounds, the hide-bound sofa—the five minutes lengthened into twenty, and she sought for amusement at a most literary-looking table. Alas! she had read the novels—for treatises she had no taste—and two German volumes, and three Latin, together with a scientific journal, gave her a cold chill. While thus employed, a red-faced, loud-voiced servant girl threw open the door, and howled, 'If you please, ma'am, Master Adolphus has thrown the Library of Entertaining Knowledge at Master Alfred's head, because he tore the Catechism of Conchology;' but before Miss Arundel could express her regret at such misapplication of knowledge, the girl had vanished in all the dismay of a mistake.

"At last Mrs. Smithson appeared. 'My dear Emily, you have waited—I forgot to tell you that I devote the early part of the day to the dear children—I never allow my literary and domestic duties to interfere: you cannot commence the important business of education too soon, and I am but just emerged from the study.'

"This was a little at variance both with the servant's appearance and her own laboured toilette, whose want of neatness was the result of hurry and bad taste, not of after-disorganization. It is amazing how oppressive is the

cleverness of some people, as if it were quite a duty in you to be clever too—or, as I once heard a little child say, 'Oh, mamma, I always speak to Mrs. S. in such dictionary words!'

"'Slowly and sadly' did the morning pass. Alas! for the victim of friendship, whom sentiment or silliness seduces into passing a long day! The upright sitting on the repulsive sofa—the mental exhaustion in searching after topics of conversation, which, like the breeze in Byron's description of a calm, 'come not'—the gossip that, out of sheer desperation, darkens into scandal; if ever friends or feelings are sacrificed under temptation too strong to be resisted, it is in the conversational pauses of a long day; and worst of all, a long day between people who have scarcely an idea or an acquaintance in common, for the one to be exchanged, or the other abused—communication or condemnation equally out of the question. Mrs. Smithson secretly pitied herself for wasting her colloquial powers on that social non-entity, a young lady; and Miss Arundel was somewhat bewildered by the march of her former friend's intellect. Divers of those elegant harmonies, which make musical the flight of time in London, verified the old rhyme, that

Come what may,
Time and the tide wear through the roughest day.

"The muffin-boy announced three o'clock—the pot-boy clanking his empty pewter was symptomatic of four—the bellman tolling the knell of the post announced five—and, at length, a heavy hard-hearted rap proclaimed the return of Mr. Smithson; a gruff voice was heard in the passage—a ponderous step on the stairs—the door and his boots creaked, and in came the author of the treatise on bats and beetles, followed by a blue-coated, nankeen-trousered young man, whose countenance and curls united that happy mixture of carmine and charcoal which constitute the Apollo of a Compton Street counter. Mr. Smithson was equally sullen and solemn-looking, with a mouth made only to swear, and a brow to scowl—a tyrant in a small way—one who would be arbitrary about a hash, and obstinate respecting an oyster—one of those tempers which, like a domestic east wind, 'spares neither man nor beast,' from the unhappy footman that he cursed, to the unlucky dog that he kicked.

"A minute specimen of humanity, in a livery like a jealous lover's, of 'green and yellow melancholy,' announced dinner. Mr. Smithson stalked up to Emily, Mr. Perkins simpered up to the hostess, and they entered a dismal-looking parlour, whose brick-red walls and ditto curtains were scantily lighted by a single lamp, though it was of the last new patent—to which a dim fire, in its first stage of infant weakness, gave small assistance.

"Mr. Smithson, who, as member of a public office, thought that church and state ought to be supported,—which support he conceived to consist in strict adherence to certain forms,—muttered something which sounded much more like a growl than a grace, and dinner commenced.

"At the top was a cod's shoulders and head, whose intellectual faculties were rather over much developed; and at the bottom was soup called Mulligatawny—some indefinite mixture of curry powder and ducks' feet, the first spoonful of which called from its master a look of thunder and lightning up the table. To this succeeded a couple of most cadaverous fowls, a huge haunch of mutton, raw and red enough even for an Abyssinian, flanked by rissoles and oyster patties, which had evidently, like Tom Tough, seen 'a deal of service'; these were followed by some sort of nameless pudding—and so much for the luxury of a family dinner, which is enough to make one beg next time to be treated as a stranger.

"Conversation there was none—Mr. Smithson kindly sparing the lungs of his friends, at the expense of his own. First, the fire was sworn at—then, the draught from the door—then, the poor little footboy was encouraged by the pleasant intelligence that he was the stupidest blockhead in the world. Mr. Perkins sat preserving his silence and his simper: and to the lady of the house it was evidently quite matter of habit—a sort of accompaniment she would almost have missed.

"The truth is, Mr. Smithson had just married some twenty years too late—with his habits, like his features, quite set, and both in a harsh mould. Young Lady! looking out for an establishment—meditating on the delights of a house of your own—two maids and a man, over whom you are set in absolute authority—do anything rather than marry a confirmed bachelor—venture on one who has been successful with seven succeeding wives, with ten small children ready made to order—walk off with some tall youth, who considers a wife and a razor definitive signs of his growth and his sense; but shun the establishment of a bachelor who has hung a pendulum between temptation and prudence till the age of —; but of all subjects, age is the one on which it is most invidious to descant.

"The cloth was removed, and sudden commotion filled the passage:

At once there rose so wild a yell
Within that dark and narrow dell,
&c. &c. &c.

and in came Master Adolphus and Master Alfred in full cry, having disputed by the way which was to go first—also a baby, eloquent as infancy usually is, and, like most youthful orators, more easily heard than understood. The boys quartered themselves on the unfortunate strangers; and Mrs. Smithson took the infant, which Emily duly declared was the sweetest little creature she had ever seen. On going up stairs, Emily found Mlle. Hyacinthe shivering—for, with the usual inhumanity of friends, there was no fire; and it was one of those wet, miserable evenings, gratis copies distributed by November through the year." i. 123.

Certainly, reading the two first volumes of 'Romance and Reality' is exceedingly like reading a volume of Horace Walpole's Letters (only that the names and news are newer), or, if acquainted with literary London, like passing an evening with half your acquaintance. In this respect the book answers to a magazine, saves postage, and, if carried on extensively, might do away with the necessity of newspapers. On this topic we commend the authoress to the fatherly care of that most delightful person, Dr. Folliott, whose opinions, as found in 'Crotchet Castle,' we here transcribe:—

"Mr. Eavesdrop.—Me, Sir! What have I done, Sir, that I am to be poisoned, Sir?

"The Rev. Dr. Folliott.—Sir, you have published a character of your facetious friend, the Rev. Dr. F., wherein you have sketched off me; me, Sir, even to my nose and wig. What business have the public with my nose and wig?

"Mr. E.—Sir, it is all good-humoured: all in *bonhomie*: all friendly and complimentary.

"Rev. Dr. F.—Sir, you have been very un-facetious. You have dished me up like a savory omelette, to gratify the appetite of the reading rabble for gossip. The next time, Sir, I will respond with the *argumentum baculum*. Print that, Sir: put it on record as a promise of the Rev. Dr. F. which shall be most faithfully kept with an exemplary bamboo.

"Mr. E.—Your cloth protects you, Sir.

"Rev. Dr. F.—My bamboo shall protect me, Sir.

"Mr. Crotchet.—Doctor, Doctor, you are growing too polemical.

"Rev. Dr. F.—Sir, my blood boils. What business have the public with my nose and wig?"

L. E. L.'s "takings" are for the most part "friendly and complimentary"—nevertheless, some are so caustic, that, unless she omits them in a second edition, it might be well to publish a literary copy of the advertisement to Rowland's Kalydor, particularly that part which states its soothing qualities for "gentlemen whose chins are tender after shaving." Against her second edition, too, or, rather against her next work, we would remind her, that what has been said of bagpipe music may be said of witticisms where too numerous—"the one half would sound better for the other half not being heard." The first volume is as full of points as a packet of needles, and, as the writer says of some one's attitude, fails of being easy by being elaborate. This over-abundance of repartees, similes and epigrams, becomes tiresome to the dull, and teasing to the quick; makes wit look too like hard work, and the author too much resemble a vivacious juggler—a

Katerfelto, with his hair on end
At his own widders, wondering for his bread.

We think we dare read this riddle: to be natural, earnest, and quietly dignified, even as an author, requires no less moral courage than to be so in daily life. Ridicule is society's fear of God, and entertainment its "pearl of great price." An author of the *beau monde* puts wit in his first volume to purchase leave to throw heart, truth, and sentiment into his last. Miss Landon's third volume is exempt from all the faults of the two others; there is no want of story, which is so concentrated in its pages, that, with a little introduction, and the entire smothering of the Higgs' family, it might be printed separately, a perfectly true, pure, pleasant specimen of fiction. It is effective, without effect being strained after, and contains passages full of power, beauty, and simplicity. The epigrammatic style is dropped; the narrative flows sweetly yet sadly along; and the history of the grave and noble Beatrice—of the self-will and repentings of the less firmly strung Emily, would redeem an Almack's of young ladies, and "a wilderness of monkeys." We give a specimen from this part of the work:—

"No one person in a thousand is capable of a real passion—that intense and overwhelming feeling, before which all others sink into nothingness. It asks for head and heart—now, many are deficient in both. Idleness and vanity cause, in nine cases out of ten, that state of excitement which is called being in love. I have heard some even talk of their disappointments, as if such a word could be used in the plural. To be crossed in love, forsooth—why, such a heart could bear as many crosses as a raspberry tart.

"But Beatrice loved with all the vividness of unwasted and unworm feeling, and with all the confidence of youth. Proud, earnest, and enthusiastic, passion was touched with all the poetry of her own nature. Her lover was the idol, invested by her ardent imagination with all humanity's 'highest attributes.' Undegraded by the ideas of flirtation, vanity, interest, or establishment, her love was as simple as it was beautiful. Her life had passed in solitude, but it had been the solitude of both refinement and exertion. She was unworshiped, but not untaught. She had read extensively and variously. Much of her reading had been of a kind unusual to either her sex or age; but she had loved to talk

with her father on the subjects which engaged him; and the investigations which were to analyze the state of mankind, and the theories which were to ameliorate it, became to her matters of attraction, because they were also those of affection.

"Natural scenery has no influence on the character till associated with human feelings: the poet repays his inspiration by the interest he flings round the objects which inspired it. Beatrice had early learnt this association of nature with humanity. She was as well acquainted with the English literature and language as with her own; and the melancholy and reflective character of its poetry suited well a young spirit early broken by sorrow, and left, moreover, to entire loneliness. The danger of a youth so spent was, that the mind would become too ideal—that mornings, passed with some favourite volume by the dropping fountain, or beneath the shadowy ilex, would induce habits of romantic dreaming, utterly at variance with the stern necessities of life.

"But Beatrice had been forced into a wholesome course of active exertion. Obligated to think and to act for herself—to have others dependent on her efforts—to know that each day brought its employment, her mind strengthened with its discipline. The duties that excited also invigorated. The keen feeling, the delicate taste, were accustomed to subjection, and romance refined, without weakening.

"Beatrice was grave; silent, except when much interested; reserved, save when under the influence of some strong feeling; with manners whose refinement was that of inherently pure taste, and much mental cultivation, touched, too, with the native grace inseparable from the very beautiful: self-possessed, from self-reliance, and with a stately bearing, which—call it prejudice, or pride, or dignity—spoke the consciousness of high descent, and an unquestioned superiority. The pride of birth is a noble feeling.

"Lorraine, on the contrary, was animated—more likely to be amused than excited—with a general expression of indifference not easily roused to interest. His manners had that fine polish only to be given by society, and that of the best. His thoughts and feelings were kept in the back-ground—not from native reserve, but from fear of raillery—that suspicion of our hearers which is one of the first lessons taught in the world. His habits were luxurious—hers were simple; he was witty and sarcastic—she scarcely understood the meaning of ridicule; his rules of action were many—as those rules must be on which the judgments of others are to operate—hers were only those of right and wrong. A whole life spent in society inevitably refers its action to the general opinion. Beatrice, as yet, looked not beyond the action itself.

"Some slight chance usually rivets the attention; it did so now. On one of the tablets were inscribed various names of an apparently large family, the dates of the different deaths singularly near to each other. Emily felt as if her own solitary situation had never weighed upon her thoughts till now. 'Many are kind to me, but none care for me.' Youth, with its affection an impulse and a delight, judges others by itself, and exaggerates its claims.

"Strange it is that people (unless in the way of ostentation) never value the blessings they possess. But if life has a happiness over which the primeval curse has passed and harmed not, it is the early and long-enduring affection of blood and habit. The passion which concentrates its strength and beauty upon one, is a rich and terrible stake, the end whereof is death;—the living light of existence is burnt out in an hour—and what remains? The dust and the darkness. But the love which is born in

childhood—an instinct deepening into a principle—retains to the end something of the freshness belonging to the hour of its birth: the amusement partaken—the trifling quarrel made up—the sorrows shared together—the punishment in which all were involved—the plans for the future, so fairytale-like and so false, in which all indulged: so true it is that love's slightest links are its strongest!

"There is something inexpressibly touching in the story of Ishmael, the youth who was sent into the wilderness of life with his bow and his arrow, 'his hand against every man, and every man's hand against him.' Even in our crowded, busy, and social world, on how many is this doom pronounced! What love makes allowances like household love?—what takes an interest in small sorrows and small successes like household love? God forgive those (and I would not even say forgive, were not Divine mercy illimitable,) who turn the household altar to a place of strife! Domestic dissension is the sacrilege of the heart." iii. 89—117.

With these extracts we close 'Romance and Reality'—trusting, nay, believing, that Miss Landon's next prose work will exhibit all the merits of this, matured, and all its faults avoided. To conceive some *whole* in a strain of high mood, consecrated by high purpose, and crowned with high reward, is not more than she is capable of—not more than she ought to effect:—

Shadows of beauty,
Shadows of power,
Rise to your duty—
This is the hour.

The Common-Place Book of American Poetry; with occasional Notes. By G. B. Cheever. Boston, 1831. Carter & Co.

The Americans complain bitterly, and with some appearance of justice, that their poets have been undeservedly neglected by the people of England: this they ascribe to envy, to jealousy, to the affected contempt for every thing American, once so fashionable among our literary coxcombs;—forgetting that Irving and Cooper and Channing furnish indisputable proof of the respect shown to transatlantic talent. Were we disposed to follow the prevalent opinion, we might account for this neglect more plausibly by saying, that poetry of every kind has ceased to be popular in England; that Crabbe has a volume which the patrons of literature fear to print, partly from the patriotic motive of wishing to save their countrymen from the disgrace of manifesting their bad taste in the eyes of the world, and partly from the more personal feeling that this bad taste would leave them with empty pockets. This, we might say—and we should be believed by every one but ourselves, for we are heretics to the doctrine, that our national taste is so far deteriorated—and are assured, that if the dynasty of "the Row" will find the poets, England will supply the purchasers.—However, we must return to the bards of America.

The greater, and far the better part of American poetry, is of the class usually called occasional and fugitive: the unreadable 'Columbiad' is almost the only attempt that has been made to produce a standard poem; and to this cause principally must be attributed the ignorance of our countrymen on the subject. Mr. Cheever has performed a commendable task in collecting the scattered gems that were spread over a wide extent of pamphlets and periodicals; but our praise must be bestowed rather on the design than

the execution. Every piece he has inserted well merits a place in the collection: but the total absence of arrangement of any kind, the utter disregard of order, has made his book far less valuable than it might have been. Had the selections been classed according to their subjects, their authors, or their several styles, the volume would have been nearly faultless; but now, "it is a mighty maze, absolutely without a plan"—a mass of valuable articles carelessly heaped together—a pile of materials as precious but as disorderly as that prepared for the funeral of Sardanapalus. There are some omissions, also, which we regret. Pierpont's 'Ode on the Anniversary of American Independence,' Paulding's scenery of the Back Woods, and some of Tappan's hymns, surely merited a place; and the rough unpolished strains of the Pilgrim Fathers would have furnished specimens, valuable as much from their intrinsic merit as from their rarity.

We gladly turn from the duty of censure to the pleasure of commendation. The preface, and the few notes written by the editor, are very valuable, and prove that he has a mind capable of comprehending the highest beauties of poetry, and the still more rare qualification of imaginative taste controlled by critical sagacity. We differ from him in his estimate of Dana, whom, contrary to the general opinion, he is inclined to prefer to Bryant; but, though we assign his favourite only the second place, we grant that he is nearer to the first than the third.

The chief characteristic of Bryant's poetry is the simple beauty with which he delineates nature. The landscapes of others may belong to any country under heaven; but there are numberless exquisite and almost imperceptible touches in his pictures that at once determine their locality. Those who have ever seen the American birch, will recognize the fidelity of the description in the following beautiful lines:—

The Murdered Traveller.

When Spring to woods and wastes around
Brought bloom and joy again,
The murdered traveller's bones were found
Far down a narrow glen.

The fragrant birch above him hung
Her tassels in the sky;
And many a vernal blossom sprang,
And nodded carelessly.

The red bird warbled as he wrought
His hanging nest o'er head,
And, fearless near the fatal spot,
Her young the partridge led.

But there was weeping far away;
And gentle eyes for him,
With watching many an anxious day,
Grew sorrowful and dim.

They little knew, who loved him so,
The fearful death he met,
When shouting o'er the desert snow,
Unarmed, and hard beset;

Nor how, when round the frosty pole
The northern dawn was red,
The mountain wolf and wild cat stole
To banquet on the dead;

Nor how, when strangers found his bones,
They dressed the hasty bier,
And marked his grave with nameless stones,
Unmolested by a tear.

But long they looked, and feared, and wept,
Within his distant home;
And dreamed and started as they slept,
For joy that he was come.

So long they looked—but never spied
His welcome step again,
Nor knew the fearful death he died,
Far down that narrow glen.

Dana possesses many qualities in common with Wordsworth and Coleridge: he is a bold and powerful delineator of external

scenery: he possesses a vigorous fancy, unaffected pathos, and a delightful tenderness of feeling. In all his writings there is a rich vein of Christian philosophy, which softens the heart, while, at the same time, it convinces the understanding. His power of presenting a perfect picture to the imagination is astonishing. Few descriptions can compete with that of the quiet island in his 'Buccaneer':—

The island lies nine leagues away,
Along its solitary shore,
Of craggy rock and sandy bay,
No sound but ocean's roar,
Save where the bold, wild sea-bird makes her home,
Her shrill cry coming through the sparkling foam.

But when the light winds lie at rest,
And on the glass, heaving sea,
The black duck with her glossy breast
Sits swinging silently,—
How beautiful! No ripples break the reach,
And silvery waves go noiseless up the beach.

The following is of a higher character: it is extracted from his poem on 'Immortality':

O, listen, man!
A voice within us speaks that startling word,
"Man, thou shalt never die!" Celestial voices
Hymn it unto our souls: according harps,
By angel fingers touched, when the mild stars
Of morning sang together, sound forth still
The song of our great immortality:
Thick clustering orbs and this our fair domain,
The tall dark mountains, and the deep-toned seas,
Join in this solemn universal song.

O, listen, ye, our spirits! drink it in
From all the air! 'Tis in the gentle moonlight;
'Tis floating 'midst day's setting glories: Night,
Wrapped in her sable robe, with silent step
Comes to our bed, and breathes it in our ears:
Night, and the dawn, bright day, and thoughtful eve,
All time, all bounds, the limitless expanse
As one vast mystic instrument, are touched
By an unseen, living hand, and conscious chords
Quiver with joy in this great jubilee.
The dying hear it; and as sounds of earth
Grow dull and distant, wake their passing souls
To mingle in this heavenly harmony.

"Mr. Longfellow is an especial favourite of ours. His 'Hymn of the Moravian Nuns,' at the consecration of Pulaski's banner, (published in a former number of the *Athenæum*), is one of the most spirited lyrics in the language; and there are several others in this volume worthy to be its companions. His poems were all written, we understand, during his hours of relaxation, while a student in college; and we regret to learn that the duties of an active profession have compelled him of late to neglect the muse. The following poem, though, to use an American phrase, somewhat lengthy, deserves to be quoted entire, and with it we shall, for the present, conclude our extracts:—

The Burial of the Minnisink.

On sunny slope and beechen swell
The shadowed light of evening fell;
And when the maple's leaf was brown,
With soft and silent lapse came down
The glory that the wood receives,
At sunset, in its golden leaves.

Far upward, in the mellow light,
Rose the blue hills;—a cloud of white,
Around a far uplifted cone,
In the warm blush of evening shone—
An image of the silver lakes,
By which the Indian soul awakes.

But soon a funeral hymn was heard,
Where the soft breath of evening stirred
The tall gray forest; and a band
Of stern in heart and strong in hand,
Came winding down beside the wave,
To lay the red chief in his grave.

They sang, that by his native bowers
He stood, in the last moon of flowers,
And thirty snows had not yet shed
Their glory on the warrior's head;
But as the summer fruit decays,
So died he in those naked days.

A dark cloak of the roebuck's skin
Covered the warrior, and within

Its heavy folds, the weapons made
For the hard toils of war were laid;
The cuirass woven of plaited reeds,
And the broad belt of shells and beads.

Before, a dark-haired virgin train
Chaunted the death-dirge of the slain;
Behind, the long procession came
Of hoary men and chiefs of fame,
With heavy hearts and eyes of grief,
Leading the war-horse of their chief:—
Stripped of his proud and martial dress,
Uncurbed, unreigned, and riderless,
With darting eye, and nostril spread,
And heavy and impatient tread,
He came: and oft that eye so proud
Asked for his rider in the crowd.

They buried the dark chief: they freed
Beside the grave his battle steed;
And swift an arrow cleaved its way
To his stern heart:—one piercing neigh
Arose—and on the dead man's plain
The rider grasps his steed again.

We have reason to believe ours was the first, if not the only copy of this work, yet delivered in London.

TALES OF MY LANDLORD—Last Series:
containing *Castle Dangerous*. By the
Author of 'Waverley.'

It is related in history, that, during the war which ended in the independence of Scotland, the Castle of Douglas was so often stormed by its Scottish owner, and the English garrison put to the sword, that, says Godscroft, "it was counted a matter of great jeopardy to keep this castle, which began to be called the adventurous or hazardous castle of Douglas; whereupon, Sir John Walton being in suit of an English lady, she wrote to him, that when he had kept the adventurous Castle of Douglas seven years, then he might think himself worthy to be a suitor to her: upon this occasion, Walton took upon him the keeping of it, and succeeded to Thurswall; but he ran the same fortune with the rest that were before him. For Sir James having first dressed an ambuscade near the place, he made fourteen of his men take so many sacks and fill them with grass, as though it had been corn which they carried in the way toward Lanark, the chief market-town of that country, so hoping to draw forth the captain by that bait, and either to take him or the castle, or both." It happened as Douglas hoped—the captain sallied out; the carriers threw off plaids and sacks; mounted and received their enemies with axe and sword; Sir James charged them flank and rear—Walton was slain with all his followers, and in his pocket was found the letter of his mistress.

On this historical foundation, Sir Walter Scott has raised the stately superstructure of 'Castle Dangerous,' and, certainly, in no instance has our great master architect used his materials with better judgment. He has changed the stern result, as related by Godscroft, into a catastrophe more heroic and more agreeable. He makes Walton engage in single combat with Douglas, in the presence of his mistress, and acquit himself so worthily, as to gain his lady's heart, and at the same time win the esteem of his conqueror, who, in the true spirit of these heroic times, sends him home ransom free. The knowledge of the localities, has enabled Scott to enclose his martial picture in a frame-work replete with the peculiar beauty of the district; and his acquaintance with the traditions of the land, has enabled him to embellish

† Alluding to an Indian superstition.

the whole according to the character and manners of those stirring days. The persons in this chivalrous drama are very various: the characters of De Walton and De Valence are well supported—they are both young, both brave, and both chivalrous; yet the oak is not more distinguished from the apple-tree, than these knights are from each other: Douglas, of whom we hear much and see little, is the "good Sir James" of Barbour, and tradition,—terrible in battle, and generous and pleasant in peace, tall, strong, and somewhat lean,

And in his speech he lisped some deal,
But then that set him wonder weal.

But the man most to our liking is honest Michael Turnbull, a follower of the Douglas, who thus makes his unwelcome appearance to De Walton at a hunting match:—

"One person in particular caught De Walton's eye, as having the air of a redoubt man-at-arms, although it seemed as if fortune had not of late smiled upon his enterprises. He was a tall raw-boned man, of an extremely rugged countenance, and his skin, which shewed itself through many a loophole in his dress, exhibited a complexion which must have endured all the varieties of an outlawed life; and akin to one who had, according to the customary phrase, 'ta'en the bent with Robin Bruce,' in other words, occupied the moors with him as an insurgent. Some such idea certainly crossed De Walton's mind. Yet the apparent coolness, and absence of alarm, with which the stranger sat at the board of an English officer, at the same time being wholly in his power, had much in it which was irreconcilable with any such suggestion. De Walton, and several of those about him, had in the course of the day observed that this tattered cavalier, the most remarkable part of whose garb and equipments consisted of an old coat-of-mail, and a rusted yet massive partisan about eight feet long, was possessed of superior skill in the art of hunting to any individual of their numerous party. The governor having looked at this suspicious figure until he had rendered the stranger aware of the special interest he attracted, at length filled a goblet of choice wine, and requested him, as one of the best pupils of Sir Tristrem who had attended upon the day's chase, to pledge him in a vintage superior to that supplied to the general company.

"I suppose, however, Sir," said De Walton, 'you will have no objections to put off my challenge of a brimmer, until you can answer my pledge in Gascoigne wine, which grew in the king's own demesne, was pressed for his own lip, and is therefore fittest to be emptied to his majesty's health and prosperity.'

"One half of the island of Britain," said the woodsman, with great composure, 'will be of your honour's opinion; but as I belong to the other half, even the choicest liquor in Gascony cannot render that health acceptable to me.'

"A murmur of disapprobation ran through the warriors present; the priests hung their heads, looked deadly grave, and muttered their pater-nosters.

"You see, stranger," said De Walton sternly, 'that your speech discomposes the company.'

'It may be so,' replied the man, in the same blunt tone; 'and it may happen that there is no harm in the speech notwithstanding.' iv. 16.

The same unceremonious messenger is sent with Augusta de Berkely, to make to De Walton the ungracious offer of exchanging her for Castle Dangerous; he performs his commission in his usual rude and straightforward way; the knight hesitates, and Turnbull decides to carry the lady back, upon which she exclaims, "Help me, De Walton," and in a moment the Scotchman is

struck down mortally wounded. When we read this part, we almost felt inclined to cry "Foully slain;" but we leave it to judges in matters of military equity. The whole scene is very graphic, and very touching—we can only quote a part:—

"His surprise and joy only supplied the knight with those hasty expressions—'Caitiff, let go thy hold! or die in thy profane attempt to control the motions of one whom the very sun in heaven should be proud to obey.' At the same time, apprehensive that the huntsman might hurry the lady from his sight, by means of some entangled path—such as upon a former occasion had served him for escape—Sir John De Walton dropped his cumbersome lance, of which the trees did not permit him the perfect use, and, springing from his horse, approached Turnbull with his drawn sword.

"The Scottishman, keeping his left hand still upon the lady's mantle, uplifted with his right his battle-axe, or Jedwood staff, for the purpose of parrying and returning the blow of his antagonist, but the lady spoke.

"'Sir John De Walton,' she said, 'for heaven's sake, forbear all violence, till you hear upon what pacific object I am brought hither, and by what peaceful means these wars may be put an end to. This man, though an enemy of yours, has been to me a civil and respectful guardian; and I entreat you to forbear him while he speaks the purpose for which he has brought me hither.'

"To speak of compulsion and the Lady de Berkely in the same breath, would itself be cause enough for instant death," said the Governor of Douglas Castle; "but you command, lady, and I spare his insignificant life, although I have causes of complaint against him, the least of which were good warrant, had he a thousand lives, for the forfeiture of them all."

"John De Walton," replied Turnbull, "this lady well knows that no fear of thee operates in my mind to render this a peaceful meeting; and were I not withheld by other circumstances of great consideration to the Douglas, as well as myself, I should have no more fear in facing the utmost thou couldst do, than I have now in leveling that sapling to the earth it grows upon."

"So saying, Michael Turnbull raised his battle-axe, and struck from a neighbouring oak-tree a branch, wellnigh as thick as a man's arm, which (with all its twigs and leaves) rushed to the ground between De Walton and the Scottishman, giving a singular instance of the keenness of his weapon, and the strength and dexterity with which he used it." iv. 240—42.

The character which stands next in our estimation to stout Michael Turnbull, is that of Bertram the minstrel, who, by virtue of the safeguard which poetry in those days threw round its professors, conducted the Lady de Berkely in safety from her own castle in England, to that of Castle Dangerous. We cannot well divine whether this inspired worthy be an Englishman or a Scotsman—a poet or a spy—a priest or a hypocrite—a soldier or a swindler. He talks much and performs little; he resides in Douglas Castle, and makes speeches in honour of liberty, and relates prophecies from the volume of Thomas the Rhymer, which had miraculously survived two stormings and one burning of the castle. A character which thus hovers between good and evil, requires great skill in handling; and certainly in this instance no pains have been spared. The conversation between the Minstrel and Greenleaf, a staunch English archer, on the touchy topic of Scotland's independence, is in the true dramatic spirit of the great nor-

thern master. We must make room for a few lines:—

"The bound that was harmed then muzzled shall be,
Who loved him worst shall weep for his wreck;
Yet shall a whelp rise of the same race,
That rudely shall roar and rule the whole north,
And quit the whole quarrel of old deeds done,
Though he from his hold be kept back awhile.
True Thomas told me this in a troublesome time,
In a harvest morning at Eldon hills.

"This hath a meaning, Sir Archer," continued the minstrel, "and which flies as directly to its mark as one of your own arrows, although there may be some want of wisdom in making the direct explication. Being, however, upon assurance with you, I do not hesitate to tell you, that in my opinion this lion's whelp that waits its time, means this same celebrated Scottish prince, Robert the Bruce, who, though repeatedly defeated, has still, while hunted with bloodhounds, and surrounded by enemies of every sort, maintained his pretensions to the crown of Scotland, in despite of King Edward, now reigning."

"Minstrel, answered the soldier, 'you are my guest, and we have sat down together as friends to this simple meal in good comradeship; I must tell thee, however, though I am loath to disturb our harmony, that thou art the first who hast adventured to speak a word before Gilbert Greenleaf in favour of that outlawed traitor, Robert Bruce, who has by his seditious so long disturbed the peace of this realm. Take my advice, and be silent on this topic; for, believe me, the sword of a true English archer will spring from its scabbard without consent of its master, should it hear aught said to the disparagement of bonny St. George and his ruddy cross; nor shall the authority of Thomas the Rhymer, or any other prophet in Scotland, England, or Wales, be considered as an apology for such unbecoming predictions.'" iv. 265—67.

We hope, notwithstanding the assurance "that these are, in all probability, the last tales which it will be the lot of the author to submit to the public," that it may yet happen otherwise. From illness, such as that which has afflicted Sir Walter Scott, ten thousand men as old, and many older, have recovered; and we have much faith in the fine climate which we hope he has now reached, in the skill of his physicians, and the tender solicitude of those who accompany him. The love of his country, and the good wishes of its people, high and low, are with him; for no man of genius ever carried his high fortunes so meekly, or surpassed him in acts of kindness and generosity. Probably, in no other man of genius has that inspiration which produces great works, been so steady and so constant. He is none of your "fit and start" sons of song, who write best at the swell of the bud, or the fall of the leaf—the mercury of his genius (so to speak) stands always at one high place; he is subject to no vagrant impulses or random fits of inspiration. His hand, when in health, is never out.

Ivan Vejeeghen; or, Life in Russia. By Thaddeus Bulgárin. 2 vols. London, 1831. Whittaker.

By some accident this work escaped our notice on its first appearance—and seeing another Russian novel announced, we determined to wait and review them together—but the 'Young Muscovite' will not come at our bidding, and we can wait no longer, for pleasant, beyond expression, has been the perusal of these volumes, wearied as we were with the frequent recurrence of a diet, that critics, like other ruminating animals, are

much put upon in winter—namely, chopped straw. It is true that the said dry and choking aliment is often diversified by some slight addition of esculents also chopped; but even this union makes an insipid substitute for the rich herbage of summer. Of course, we do not speak positively in behalf of our fellow-ruminators, sheep and oxen: but, personally, we are free to confess that, after some two score tomes of sapless history and biography, and of *frosted* tales and poetry, reading 'Ivan Vejeeghen' has been living in clover. May the angels (be they gold or silver) that preside over the publication of new books, speedily afford us an English novel as full of natural vigour, as useful, and as fascinating.

In reading 'Ivan Vejeeghen,' we have been twenty times reminded of De Foe: occasionally, too, of 'Anastasius'; both the heroes passing through a world of vagabond adventures, forming acquaintance with every variety of life and personage, and uttering keen remarks on all in succession. There are, however, essential differences between the books: Anastasius has in his heart a pervading taint of scoundrellism—poor Ivan is, in grain, an honest creature, and attaches the reader's sympathy less, even by his adventures, than by a certain rude morality that clings to him in spite of circumstances. At the worst, we see he would rather be an honest man than a rogue; whilst the subtle Greek invariably preferred roguery, because it gave him power over his species, whom he despised. There is more poetry and more philosophy in Mr. Hope's novel, than in Thaddeus Bulgárin's; but both poetry and philosophy are often "high fantastical,"—leaving the reader to pick truth from amongst paradoxes, if he has inclination, and to feel melancholy, if he has leisure. It is a searching, brilliant, mournful book—never to be forgotten by any reflective reader. But there is decided similarity between Bulgárin and our own old De Foe: the same naïveté—the same graphic minuteness in sketching people and places—the same shrewdness of satire, and that indescribable glow of narration which inspires even the reader with activity and cheerfulness. Ivan Vejeeghen, the hero, appears before us at the outset, living in the state of a wolf-cub, on the premises of a Mr. Gologordofsky, a Russian country gentleman. The following is part of the description of his household, and we wish we could make room for the whole.

"When Byalo-Russia formed a part of Poland, Mr. Gologordofsky showed a great attachment to Russia, and farther proved that he sprang from an old Russian family, which had settled in this country in the time of Matslaf, the brave. On the incorporation of this district with Russia, Mr. Gologordofsky, of a sudden became a devotee of the old Polish government, and began to trace his origin to a chamberlain of the ancient Polish King Popel, who, upon the authority of written documents, is said to have been devoured by mice on the island of Hopel. Mr. Gologordofsky very much regretted those blessed times when a powerful nobleman could crush the poor gentry with impunity, and while he called them his brothers and equals, might flog them with rods, while they lay stretched out upon a carpet as a mark of distinction between them and the peasants; and when he might lock them up in the house-prison, or take possession of their estate if he had a mind. He particularly regretted the change of customs at

the diets or elections of magistrates. In good old times the rich proprietor brought along with him some cart-loads of poor gentry, accoutred with arms and ready to fight, and set them to elect himself and his friends to the different offices, and to knock down and cut down the rival candidates. These days were called the golden age of freedom. Mr. Gologordofsky thus having his privileges abridged from without, could only rule within his own domains on the old footing. Besides his numerous household servants, who were his own vassals, he had in his service a number of poor gentry, who thought to make up for their low calling by high-sounding titles. The household of Mr. Gologordofsky was exactly such as, in days of yore, were those of the ancient feudal Barons and of the old Polish *Pana*. * * *

"Most of the upper servants, such as the law-agent or *plenipotent*, commissary, *marshalek*, stud-master, *econome*, *kapel-meister*, and *gouverneur*, lived in the house with their wives and children; besides their salary they received rations of provisions for their own table or ordinary, were attended by the servants of the house, and kept their own horses at the squire's expense. All the other free servants also received rations; the house vassals were partly fed from the squire's table, and besides that had a table of their own. But as the free servants spent a great part of their allowance in drink, and the vassals never had enough to eat, every one laid hold of whatever he could, by hook or by crook. Besides these feudal attendants, there lived in the house for the sake of company and amusement to the squire and his lady, some gentlemen and ladies, toad-eaters, friends and distant relations, under the name of residents. They received no salary, but had the advantage of the table, kept their own servants, and some of them had the privilege of keeping horses. Amongst the number of these residents were some bachelor creditors of Mr. Gologordofsky, some widows of old servants whose wages had remained unpaid after some twenty years' service, and some orphans possessed of capital under the guardianship of the landlord. In a word, Mr. Gologordofsky's house contained nearly as many mouths and stomachs as there were working hands on the whole property, and from this cause the working hands were sadly tormented, and made but feeble exertions to fill the stomachs of so overwhelming a majority of sinecurists. It is true that Mr. Gologordofsky himself, his family, and guests invited to partake of his hospitality, ate and drank well; but his huge table had at one extremity what is called 'a gray end,' where no dainty-dishes or savoury wines ever reached, and where in full measure was felt the inconvenience of a disproportion between *outlay* and *income*," i. 12—15.

All the chapters illustrative of this Russian Castle Rackrent, are highly entertaining, and not less instructive, as affording many shrewd political hints. The following is part of a description of a grand ball, which, like many other balls, is attended with unforeseen consequences; with the history, however, we shall not meddle,—the reader must peruse the book, and the whole book.

"Mr. Gologordofsky wished to celebrate his wife's birth-day, and, at the same time, the gaining of a law-suit for ten *deshateens*† of land. This law-suit had lasted thirty years, and had cost each party sixty times the value of the object in dispute. But as the main point consisted in gaining the victory, the public manifestation of joy served as a recompense for all the trouble and expense incurred during the progress of the law-suit, along with the ruin of the opposite party. For a week previous, invitations were

sent to the relations, neighbours, and also to distant acquaintances within the government. The Jew-farmer brought two other Jews as contractors for the furnishing of wines and groceries for the feast. The said contractors, as I afterwards heard from the steward Kantchukofsky, disposed of goods belonging to our farmer, who did not wish to sell the articles in his own name, as, in that case, he ran the risk of being paid with a bill or bond, which he could not refuse to take from Mr. Gologordofsky. As the matter stood, there being no ready money in the house, and the corn not being yet ripe, the wheat and rye on the ground were sold at so much a *deshateen*; or, as it is called, sold in the stalk. Our farmer got a power of attorney from the said purveyors for the receipt of the corn after it should be cut and threshed, and three dozen of calves, once they should be born, with an obligation to feed them for eight months. In this way Mr. Gologordofsky, by selling his corn while in the bowels of the earth, and his cattle before they came into the world, received a large supply of wine and delicacies for his table, which were to be all consumed in one day. * * *

"Day and night the work went on in the kitchen, and, in order to prevent stealing, sentinels from the stables were placed at the kitchen doors, who themselves stole pieces of meat, fowls and eggs, and in the night time carried them to the *kartchma*. All the servants were employed in cleaning and furnishing up the rooms. For the first time in the course of the year the cob-webs were swept away and banished with the family-portraits. Arm-chairs of oak and alder were covered with new linen. Mahogany furniture, which adorned two rooms in the house, was rubbed up with olive-oil. The floors were re-scraped, seeing that to wash them was out of the question. All the looking-glasses from the other apartments, besides those belonging to the upper servants and residents were taken into the principal rooms, which, in addition to all other changes and repairs, were adorned, the day before the fête, with festoons of spruce and fir-branches. The household musicians rehearsed and practised continually in the barn, where father Ezueet, who was allowed, through all the government, to be a great chemist, prepared fire-works for a surprise to Mrs. Gologordofsky: two sportsmen worked under his direction. For the horses of the guests a separate stable was fitted up, and a provision of guests' hay was prepared; that is to say, a score of cart-loads of rushes and weeds, which it would have been impossible to grind with a mill-stone, putting horses' teeth out of the question. *Guests' oats* were a mixture of chopped straw with husks and siftings of wheat. The laws of hospitality required that guests, their servants and horses, should be filled; but as the landlord's duty is confined to looking after the entertainment and treatment of the gentry, if the servants and horses are starved, all the blame falls commonly on the steward, in case any of the guests should think of his horses and servants.—Besides, with necessary people, such as the powers that be, of the government and district, there is another mode of procedure; their servants and horses being committed to the special care of the *marshalek* and stud-master.

"At last the day of the fête arrived. A number of guests came in the morning. Carriages, calashes, breetchkas and koleemashkas,† occupied all the space between the stables and farm-yard. Almost every family brought along with it a score of horses; six in their own carriage; four in the breetchka, containing the male and female servants, trunks, and band-boxes; and a pair in the koleemashka, which contained the bedding packed up in large square chests, and the cooking utensils for the road stowed among hay. Single persons came with

six horses, and very few with four. Some families came with a still greater number of these animals, as a badge of the importance of their owners, and I really do not think it amiss that Mr. Gologordofsky should have contrived to feed them with bulrushes, husks, and weeds. This custom of going a visiting with a whole stud at the expense of another, has the same consequence to the entertainer as the inroad of a Tartar horde; and if the landholders did not prepare this forage for guests, which is nothing but the shadow for the substance, two country balls would eat up their whole yearly stock of hay and oats. But, as no assembly can come together without cattle, the main point is to know how to get them decently off their hands.

The dinner was luxurious, and, although more than a hundred sat down at table, there was abundance of provisions. With regard to wine, the following arrangement was adopted. The common table-wine, that is to say French wine, was placed in decanters before the guests. The best wines of different qualities were carried about and poured out under the direction of the *marshalek* and stud-master. The first with three footmen on the right side of the table, the other with the same number of assistants on the left. On each side, the first lackey held bottles of the very best wine, the second with a middle quality, and the third with the most common, appertaining to the class of best wines with only one name. The *marshalek* and stud-master, by a previous understanding, took their cue from Mr. Gologordofsky's style of address, what sort of wine to pour out for each guest: for instance, when he said to a guest, 'I beg you will drink, Sir; do honour to my wine; I assure you it is worth trying;' then they poured out the first sort. 'Drink a little wine; it really is not bad,' denoted the second sort. 'You don't drink any: hey, pour out wine to the gentleman,' marked the third sort. It appears that Mr. Gologordofsky knew perfectly the tastes of his guests, for they all drank a decent portion, and regularly complied with the landlord's invitation. Besides, I reckon Mr. Gologordofsky's behaviour very commendable: why treat a guest with what he is not acquainted, and when he is as well satisfied with the name as with the quality of his wine? * * * Hardly had the gentry left the dining-room, when the lackeys belonging to the house and to the guests, the musicians and maid-servants, rushed in like harpies upon the remains of the feast, and without listening to the hoarse voices of the *marshalek* and stud-master, tore everything to pieces, and emptied the bottles to the very lees. In the kitchen the greatest confusion reigned while the servants got their dinner. Without the least ceremony they helped themselves, took possession of the pots and pans, and satisfied their appetite which had been sharpened by the journey. In recalling to my mind all the particulars of this feast, I am persuaded that the one half of the provisions consumed would have been amply sufficient both for masters and servants; but, in this case, order would have been requisite, and that was a thing quite neglected in the house of Mr. Gologordofsky," i. 87—45.

In conclusion, the literary public are under real obligations to the translator of 'Ivan Vejeeghen,' and we trust he will be encouraged to proceed. How Bulgárin himself has managed to attain high popularity in Russia whilst inflicting satire in all departments, rather puzzles us; however, more countries than his own may benefit by his satire. His analysis of high life is exquisitely droll, and as exquisitely pathetic are portions of the sketches of Ivan's life among the Kirgheeze.

† A *deshateen* is a Russian measure of land, equal to 117,000 English square feet."

† A sort of cart.

Le Livre des Cent-et-Un. Vol. I. Paris, 1831. L'Advocat.

[Third Notice.]

THE graphic skill of Charles Nodier has raised him to well merited distinction among writers of his class in France. We shall therefore translate some passages from the *Bibliomane*, a very spirited sketch, although rather extravagant—but we must treat with indulgence an error so common to all French writers of romances. Nodier offends in this way less than his contemporaries, most of whom—not excepting Victor Ducange and Paul de Kock—in straining after wit and vivacity, fall into affectation and caricature.

The Bibliomaniac.

"Twenty years had elapsed since Theodore withdrew from the world—for what purpose was a secret. He seemed always absorbed in thought, but none could tell the subject. His whole time was passed amidst books, and people hinted that he was writing one that would supersede the use of all others. This was a mistake. Theodore was too learned not to know that such a work was written three hundred years ago, and is the thirteenth chapter of the first book of Rabelais.

"Theodore no longer spoke, laughed, jested, or eat as he used to do; he went no more to balls or theatres—the ladies whom he had loved in his youth were no longer flattered even with a look—and the tastiest slipper, covering the prettiest foot, obtained from him only a sigh and an exclamation, 'Alas! what beautiful morocco thrown away!'

"Yet Theodore had once sacrificed to fashion; and his contemporaries inform us that he was the first who tied his cravat on the left side, in opposition to Garat† and the right, and in defiance of those who, even to the present day, vulgarly persist in tying theirs in front. But he cared no longer for fashion—in twenty years he had only one quarrel with his tailor—'Sir,' said he, 'this is the last coat you shall make for me if you again forget to put *quarto* pockets to it.'

"Politics, whose singular chances have raised so many fools to affluence, had no power to disturb his meditations; but the memorable campaign of M. de Bourmont to the coast of Africa, delighted him. 'Thank heaven,' said he, 'we shall have moroccoes from the Levant very cheap!' This made him pass for a Carlist.

"Last summer he was walking in a crowded street, poring over a treasured volume, when some strangers, reeling from a cabaret which they had just left, put a knife to his breast, and bid him cry 'Long live the Poles.' 'With all my heart,' replied Theodore, whose soul melted with love towards all mankind, 'but may I ask you wherefore?' 'Because,' replied the enlightened citizen, 'we are going to declare war against Holland, which oppresses the Poles, in consequence of their dislike to the Jesuits.' 'God help us!' exclaimed our friend, crossing his hands upon his breast, 'shall we, then, be reduced to M. Montgolfier's counterfeit Dutch paper?' Upon this the champion of civilization and liberty, struck poor Theodore a blow with a bludgeon which broke his leg. Three months was he confined to his bed, studying catalogues of books. * * * He was now advised to take exercise, and I led him towards the Quays, in the hope that the sight of the river would delight him, and cheer up his spirits. But he never raised his eyes above the level of the parapets,† which were then as free from book-stalls as if they had just been visited by those champions of the press who, in February last, burnt the Archbishop's library. We were more fortunate on the Quai aux Fleurs, where we found plenty; but of what sort? All which the journals had been praising for a month past, and which, as usual,

† An eminent singer and consummate coxcomb, lately dead.

‡ Famous for their book-stalls.

had found their way, from the author's study of the bookseller's shop, to where you take your choice of volumes for half a franc. Philosophers, historians, poets, novelists—works of all kinds and sizes, upon which the most pompous and puffing advertisements had not been able to confer immortality, remained neglected and mildewing in these stalls, until the term of their presumptuous existence should have gone by. We came at length to the splendid literary sale room in the Rue des Bons Enfants * * *

"'God help me, good Theodore,' said the honest M. Silvestre, 'you come a day too late. Yesterday was the last sale. The books you see are all sold, and are only waiting to be taken away.'

"Theodore staggered and turned pale. 'Good heavens!' said he, with an air of sad surprise. 'Well! But pray who are the purchasers of these treasures, which would do honour to the libraries of the De Thous and Grosliers of the day?'

"'This fine old edition of the classics, and these philological rarities, belong to Sir Richard. They are the share of the English Lion, to whom we yield, with good grace, the Greek and Latin we no longer understand. These beautiful collections of natural history, and these master-pieces of iconography, are the property of the Prince of Eessing, whose taste for study leads him to no noble a use of his immense wealth. These Mysteries of the Middle Ages, these moralities, of which there is no second copy in existence, and these curious attempts of our ancestors at dramatic composition, are destined to augment M. de Solenne's beautiful library. These merry conceits, so ancient, so slim, so elegant, so pretty, and in such admirable preservation, were purchased by your amiable friend M. Aimé Martin.'

"But Theodore had ceased to listen. He was submitting an old volume, in tolerably good preservation, to the test of his *Elzevirionometer*, that is to say, to the half-foot rule, with a scale graduated almost *ad infinitum*, by which he regulated the value, and, I regret to add, the intrinsic merit of his books. He applied the instrument many times to the book, verified over and over again the correctness of the measure, then uttering some words which I did not understand, changed colour, and fell fainting into my arms. With great difficulty I conveyed him to a *fiacre*. My entreaties to be made acquainted with the cause of his sudden grief were long of no avail. He neither spoke nor seemed to understand what I said to him. At last, seemingly overcome by the intensity of his feelings, he exclaimed, 'In me you behold the most miserable of men! The volume I measured is the Virgil of 1676, upon large paper, of which I thought I possessed the giant copy, and this volume is longer than mine by the twenty-fourth of an inch. My enemies might almost be justified in saying the sixteenth of an inch!'

"I was thunderstruck. Poor Theodore was delirious.

"'The twenty-fourth of an inch!' he repeated furiously, threatening heaven with his clenched hand.

"The poor man gave way to the most profound melancholy, repeating only, at intervals, the twenty-fourth part of an inch! * * *

"At length we arrived. 'The twenty-fourth part of an inch!' said he to the porter.

"'The twenty-fourth part of an inch!' said the latter to the cook, who came to the door.

"My periquet has escaped,' said Theodore's young daughter, in tears. 'Why was the cage left open?' he replied. 'The twenty-fourth of an inch!'

"The people have revolted in the South,' said the old aunt, who was reading the evening paper.

"What the devil do the people meddle

about? replied Theodore. 'The twenty-fourth of an inch!' * * *

"A bibliopolist called soon after. He was told that Theodore was dying, and that for the last quarter of an hour he had been speechless.

"'I will try that,' replied his friend, and, turning to Theodore, 'Pray,' said he, 'by what error in numbering the pages, do you distinguish the good Elzevir of Cæsar, published in 1635?'

"'163 for 145,' replied Theodore.

"'Very right. And the Terence, published in the same year?'

"'108 for 104.'

"'A merveille,' said Theodore's friend; 'if I had listened to those about you, I should have believed you to be within an inch of death.'

"'The twenty-fourth part of an inch!' replied Theodore, whose voice became weaker and weaker.

"This last effort, indeed, exhausted the remainder of his strength, and once again murmuring 'the twenty-fourth of an inch!' he immediately expired." p. 88—106.

The Comic Annual, for 1832. By Thomas Hood. Tilt.

"BETTER late than never," says the old proverb: but, "better late than earlier," say we; for we would not have this rare work come in the great and gaudy crowd of Annuals, as though it were a common member of the family. When John Kemble played Coriolanus, he did not enter upon the stage until all the mob had drawn aside; and you were at once struck with the grand contrast between the hero and the herd!

The present volume of the 'Comic Annual' is richer in fun and good-humoured excellent satire than any of its predecessors. It will levy a large tax upon the broad grins of His Majesty's laughing subjects. Miss Sheridan's 'Comic Offering,' and Mr. Harrison's 'Humourist,' are sadly exposed by the arrival of this real Simon Pure. It is quite clear that Hood will bear no rival near his throne; and will not sanction the two faces which have endeavoured to exist under his name. The fun, the spirit, the variety, are inexhaustible; and the life of the third volume satisfies us, that the 'Comic Annual' will not die until it is full of years.

The first paper is, perhaps, the best in the book. It is a selection from the 'Pugsley Papers,' and is as worthy of attention as the 'Garrick Papers,' or any other papers whatever. It consists of letters from the members of the Pugsley family, giving an account of a mansion and farm in Lincolnshire, which have been left to Mr. Pugsley, of Barbican, and to which the family have retired. The following inimitable letters will speak for themselves:—

"From Master Richard Pugsley, to Master Robert Rogers, at Number 132, Barbican.

"DEAR BOB,—Huzza!—Here I am in Lincolnshire! It's good-bye to Wellingtons and Cossacks, Ladies' double channels, Gentlemen's stout calf, and ditto ditto. They've all been sold off under prime cost, and the old Shoe Mart is disposed of, goodwill and fixtures, for ever and ever. Father has been made a rich Squire of by will, and we've got a house and fields, and trees of our own. Such a garden, Bob!—It beats White Conduit.

"Now, Bob, I'll tell you what I want. I want you to come down here for the holidays. Don't be afraid. Ask your Sister to ask your Mother to ask your Father to let you come. It's only ninety mile. If you're out of pocket money, you

can walk, and beg a lift now and then, or swing by the dickeys. Put on cordroys, and don't care for cut behind. The two prentices, George and Will, are here to be made farmers of, and brother Nick is took home from school to help in agriculture. We like farming very much, it's capital fun. Us four have got a gun, and go out shooting; it's a famous good un, and sure to go off if you don't full cock it. Tiger is to be our shooting dog as soon as he has left off killing the sheep. He's a real savage, and worries cats beautiful. Before Father comes down, we mean to bait our bull with him.

"There's plenty of New Rivers about, and we're going a fishing as soon as we have mended our top joint. We've killed one of our sheep on the sly to get gentles. We've a pony too, to ride upon when we can catch him, but he's loose in the paddock, and has neither mane nor tail to signify to lay hold of. Isn't it prime, Bob? You *must* come. If your Mother won't give your Father leave to allow you,—run away. Remember, you turn up Goswell Street to go to Lincolnshire, and ask for Middlefen Hall. There's a pond full of frogs, but we won't pelt them till you come, but let it be before Sunday, as there's our own orchard to rob, and the fruit's to be gathered on Monday.

"If you like sucking raw eggs, we know where the hens lay, and mother don't; and I'm bound there's lots of bird's nests. Do come, Bob, and I'll show you the wasp's nest, and everything that can make you comfortable. I dare say you could borrow your father's volunteer musket of him without his knowing of it; but be sure any how to bring the ramrod, as we have mislaid our's by firing it off. Don't forget some bird lime, Bob—and some fish-hooks—and some different sorts of shot—and some gut and some gunpowder—and a gentle-box, and some flints,—some Mayflies,—and a powder horn,—and a landing net and a dog-whistle—and some porcupine quills, and a bullet mould,—and a trolling-winch, and a shot-belt and a tin can. You pay for 'em, Bob, and I'll owe it you.

"Your old friend and schoolfellow,

"RICHARD PUGSLEY.

"From Miss Dorothy Pugsley to Miss Jemima Moggridge, at Gregory House Establishment for Young Ladies, Mile End.

"MY DEAR MISS JEMIMA,—Providence having been pleased to remove my domestic duties from Barbican to Lincolnshire, I trust I shall have strength of constitution to fulfil them as becomes my new allotted line of life. As we are not sent into this world to be idle, and Anastasia has declined housewifery, I have undertaken the Dairy, and the Brewery, and the Baking, and the Poultry, the Pigs and the Pastry,—and though I feel fatigued at first, use reconciles to labours and trials, more severe than I at present enjoy. Altho' things may not turn out to wish at present, yet all well-directed efforts are sure to meet reward in the end, and altho' I have chumped and churned two days running, and it's nothing yet but curds and whey, I should be wrong to despair of eating butter of my own making before I die. Considering the adulteration committed by every article in London, I was never happier in any prospect, than of drinking my own milk, fattening my own calves, and laying my own eggs. We cackle so much I am sure we new-lay some where, tho' I cannot find out our nests; and I am looking every day to have chickens, as one pepper-and-salt-coloured hen has been sitting these two months. When a poor ignorant bird sets me such an example of patience, how can I repine at the hardest domestic drudgery? Mother and I have worked like horses to be sure, ever since we came to the estate; but if we die in it, we know it's for the good of the family, and to agreeably surprise my Father,

who is still in town winding up his books. For my own part, if it was right to look at things so selfishly, I should say I never was so happy in my life; though I own I have cried more since coming here than I ever remember before. You will confess my crosses and losses have been unusual trials, when I tell you, out of all my makings, and bakings, and brewings, and preservations, there has been nothing either eatable or drinkable; and what is more painful to an affectionate mind,—have half poisoned the whole family with home-made ketchup of toadstools, by mistake for mushrooms. When I reflect that they are preserved, I ought not to grieve about my damsons and bullases, done by Mrs. Maria Dover's receipt.

"Among other things we came into a beautiful closet of old China, which I am shocked to say, is all destroyed by my preserving. The bullases and damsons fomented, and blew up a great jar with a violent shock that smashed all the tea and coffee cups, and left nothing but the handles hanging in rows on the tenter-hooks. But to a resigned spirit there's always some comfort in calamities, and if the preserves work and foment so, there's some hope that my beer will, as it has been a month next Monday in the mash tub. As for the loss of the elder wine, candour compels me to say it was my own fault for letting the poor blind little animals crawl into the copper: but experience dictates next year not to boil the berries and kittens at the same time. * * *

"The children, I am happy to say, are all well, only baby is a little fractious, we think from Grace setting him down in the nettles, and he was short-coated last week. Grace is poorly with a cold, and Anastasia has got a sore throat, from sitting up fruitlessly in the orchard to hear the nightingale; perhaps there may not be any in the Fens. I seem to have a trifling ague and rheumatism myself, but it may be only a stiffness from so much churning, and the great family wash-up of everything we had directly we came down, for the sake of grass-bleaching on the lawn. With these exceptions, we are all in perfect health and happiness, and unite in love, with

"Dear Miss Jemima's affectionate friend,

"DOROTHY PUGSLEY."

"From Mrs. Pugsley to Mrs. Rogers.

"MADAM,—Although warmth has made a coolness, and our having words has caused a silence—yet as mere writing is not being on speaking terms, and disconsolate parents in the case, I waive venting of animosities till a more agreeable moment. Having perused the afflicted advertisement in *The Times*, with interesting description of person, and ineffectual dragging of New River—beg leave to say that Master Robert is safe and well—having arrived here on Saturday night last, with almost not a shoe to his foot, and no coat at all, as was supposed to be with the approbation of parents. It appears, that, not supposing the distance between the families extended to him, he walked the whole way down on the footing of a friend, to visit my son Richard, but hearing the newspapers read, quitted suddenly, the same day with the gypsies, and we haven't an idea what is become of him. Trusting this statement will relieve of all anxiety, remain, Madam,

"Your humble Servant,

"BELINDA PUGSLEY."

Extract of a letter from Pugsley senior.

"Between ourselves, the objects of unceasing endeavours, united with uncompromising integrity, have been assailed with so much deterioration, as makes me humbly desirous of abridging sufferings, by resuming business as a Shoe Marter at the old established House. If Clack & Son, therefore, have not already taken pos-

session and respectfully informed the vicinity, will thankfully pay reasonable compensation for loss of time and expense incurred by the bargain being off. In case parties agree, I beg you will authorize Mr. Robins to have the honour to dispose of the whole Lincolnshire concern, tho' the knocking down of Middlefen Hall will be a severe blow on Mrs. P. and Family. Deprecating the deceitful stimulus of advertising arts, interest commands to mention,—desirable freehold estate and eligible investment—and sole reason for disposal, the proprietor going to the continent. Example suggests likewise, a good country for hunting for fox-hounds—and a prospect too extensive to put in a newspaper. Circumstances being rendered awkward by the untoward event of the running away of the cattle, &c., it will be best to say—"The Stock to be taken as it stands;—and an additional favour will be politely conferred, and the same thankfully acknowledged, if the auctioneer will be so kind as bring the next market town ten miles nearer, and carry the coach and the waggon once a day past the door. Earnestly requesting early attention to the above, and with sentiments of, &c.

"R. PUGSLEY, SEN.

"P.S. Richard is just come to hand dripping and half dead out of the Nene, and the two apprentices all but drowned each other in saving him. Hence occurs to add, fishing opportunities among the desirable items."

The 'Old Bailey Ballads' are extremely amusing, and will do well to read after the sing-songs of Thomas Haynes. They are rich Newgate pastorals—relish a little of Lady Barrymore, and "touch the pensive chord of Bob Booty!" The following stanzas, made up of love and larceny, are very touching:

Lines to Mary.

(AT NO. 1, NEWGATE. FAVOURED BY MR. WONTNER.)

O Mary, I believed you true,
And I was blest in so believing;
But till this hour I never knew—
That you were taken up for thieving!

Oh! when I smatch'd a tender kiss,
Or some such trifle when I courted,
You said, indeed, that love was bliss,
But never own'd you were transported!

But then to gaze on that fair face—
It would have been an unfair feeling,
To dream that you had pilfer'd lace—
And Flints had suffer'd from your stealing!

Or when my suit I first prefer'd,
To bring your coldness to repentance,
Before I hammer'd out a word,
How could I dream you'd heard a sentence!

Or when with all the warmth of youth
I strove to prove my love no fiction,
How could I guess I urged a truth
On one already past conviction!

How could I dream that ivory part,
Your hand—where I have look'd and linger'd;
Altho' it stole away my heart,
Had been held up as one light-finger'd!

In melting verse your charms I drew,
The charms in which my muse delighted—
Alas! the lay, I thought was new,
Spoke only what had been indicted!

Oh! when that form, a lovely one,
Hung on the neck its arms had flown to,
I little thought that you had run
A chance of hanging on your own too!

You said you pick'd me from the world,
My vanity it now must shock I find,
And down at once my pride is hurl'd,
You've pick'd me—and you've pick'd a pocket!

Oh! when our love had got so far,
The bans were read by Doctor Daly,
Who asked if there was any bar—
Why did not some one shout "Old Bailey"?

But when you rob'd your flesh and bones
In that pure white that angel garb is,
Who could have thought you, Mary Jones,
Among the Joans that link with Darbies?

And when the parson came to say,
My goods were yours, if I had got any,
And you should honour and obey,
Who could have thought—"O Bay of Botany!"

But, oh,—the worst of all your slips
I did not till this day discover—
That down in Deptford's prison ships,
Oh, Mary! you've a hulking lover!

Doctor Southey has his John Jones; Mrs. Bray has her humble servant of the Muses; and why should not Mr. Hood have his Livery-Man and Parnassian Common-Council Man? The following Ode to Peace, written amidst interruptions, is the most persevering effort of an inspired Footman that we ever noticed. The attempt to put Apollo to the Rout, is eminently original and successful.

Ode to Peace.

WRITTEN ON THE NIGHT OF MY MISTRESS'S GRAND ROUT.

Oh, Peace! oh come with me and dwell—
But stop, for there's the bell.
Oh, Peace! for thee I go and sit in churches,
On Wednesday, when there's very few
In loft or pew—
Another ring, the tarts are come from Birch's—
Oh, Peace! for thee I have avoided marriage—
Hush! there's a carriage.
Oh, Peace! thou art the best of earthly goods—
The five Miss Woods.
Oh, Peace! thou art the Goddess I adore—
There come some more.
Oh, Peace! thou child of solitude and quiet—
That's Lord Drum's footman, for he loves a riot.

Oh, Peace!

Knocks will not cease.

Oh, Peace thou wert for human comfort plann'd—
That's Weippert's band.

Oh, Peace! how glad I welcome thy approaches—
I hear the sound of coaches.
Oh, Peace! oh, Peace!—another carriage stops—
It's early for the Blinkinsops.

Oh, Peace! with thee I love to wander,
But wait till I have show'd up Lady Squander,
And now I've seen her up the stair,
Oh, Peace!—but here comes Captain Haro.
Oh, Peace! thou art the slumber of the mind,
Untroubled, calm and quiet, and unbroken,—
If that is Alderman Guzzle from Portoken,
Alderman Gobble won't be far behind;
Oh, Peace! serene in worldly shyness,—
Make way there for his Serene Highness!

Oh, Peace! if you do not disdain
To dwell amongst the menial train,
I have a silent place, and lone,
That you and I may call our own;
Where tumult never makes an entry—
Susan! what business have you in my pantry?

Oh, Peace!—but there is Major Monk
At variance with his wife—Oh, Peace!
And that great German, Vander Trunk,
And that great talker, Miss Aprece;—
Oh, Peace! so dear to poets' quills—
They're just beginning their quadrilles—
Oh, Peace! our greatest renovator;—
I wonder where I put my waiter.
Oh, Peace!—but here my Ode I'll cease;
I have no peace to write of Peace.

The "Before and After" in the following sonnet is right good.

Sonnet.

Along the Woodford road there comes a noise
Of wheels, and Mr. Rounding's neat postchaise
Struggles along, drawn by a pair of bays,
With Rev. Mr. Crow and six small Boys;

Who ever and anon declare their joys,
With trumping horns and juvenile huzzas,
At going home to spend their Christmas days,
And changing Learning's pains for Pleasure's toys.
Six weeks elapse, and down the Woodford way,
A heavy coach drags six more heavy souls,
But no glad urchins shout, no trumpets bray:
The carriage makes a halt, the gate-bell tolls,
And little Boys walk in as dull and mum
As six new scholars to the Deaf and Dumb.

Our extracts turn out "lengthy" as the Americans have it: but Comic Annuals do not come before us every day. Of the pieces from which we are unable from want of space to give our readers a specimen, many are irresistibly laughable. The Man Servant's account of going up "to the Summit of Mount Blanc," is not an *Auld Jo*, but a very original pleasantry; and the 'Art of writing Blank Verse in Rhyme,' is one of the great inventions of this century. We have been mainly tickled at the Ode to Hume; the Life of Zimmerman; the Ballad of John Day, the Fat Coachman; and the Letter of an Old Sportsman. But our readers must buy the work itself; and we therefore the less regret our inability to quote more of it.

We are enabled to give specimens of the cuts, which are admirable and various. "The Second Course" is the very best pictorial pun that was ever made.



"GOOD NIGHT!—ALL'S WELL!"



THE SECOND COURSE.



MY NATIVE DAY.



A MAY'R'S NEST.

Anecdotes of William Hogarth, written by Himself; with Essays on his Life and Genius, and Criticisms on his Works, selected from Walpole, Gilpin, Lamb, and others. To be completed in Four Parts. Part I. London, 1831. Nichols & Son.

All that Hogarth has written, painted, drawn, engraved, or spoken, is valuable and worthy of preservation: it is otherwise with all that has been imputed to him by collectors of anecdotes and dealers in criticism. Much that was written by Trusler, Ireland, Lamb, Walpole, and Nichols, scarcely merits revival: the first is diffuse, the second hurried, the third a little visionary, the fourth was thinking of his title when he wrote of the plebeian, and the fifth, a worthy and an honest man, allowed himself to be influenced by the malignant feelings of Stevens. Instead of a limited work like this, we wish Mr. Nichols had undertaken a full edition of Hogarth's works and an ample memoir of his life: nevertheless, we are glad to see this cheap and valuable republication. A dozen clever plates, and forty-eight pages of letter-press for 6s. is a bargain; and not the less so that the work is calculated to be bound up with Major's late reprint of notes and select plates from the same great moral artist.

Traditions of Lancashire: second series. By J. Roby, M.R.S.L. 2 vols. London, 1831. Longman & Co.

Or these traditions there are twenty, in prose and verse: some are domestic, some historical, and some superstitious: they are generally just towards the beliefs of the district, and bear many marks of authenticity upon them. They are, doubtless, too, the fruit of much research and careful inquiry, and are entitled to the respect of all who are charmed with the legends of their ancestors. Nor has the collector neglected to avail himself of his skill as an author: he has trimmed and pruned the district traditions, adding a verse here, a description there—bringing in the charms of conversation when the way threatened to be long and cheerless—and increasing the terrors of the country beliefs when his goblins did their spiriting too gently. When the writer imagined that the reader had enough of prose, he changed his tone, and invoking the ballad muse, added the charms of minstrelsy to the allurements of tradition. How the muse of Mr. Roby acquits herself in this difficult task may be inferred from the way in which she versified a monkish legend, where a noble baron was about to be poisoned by one of his pages, when a palmer dashed the cup away and revealed the treason: we can find room for no more than the opening verses:—

The Blessing.

The chase was done—the feast was begun,
When the baron sat proudly by;
And the revelry rode on the clamorous wind,
That swept through the hurrying sky.

No lordly guest that feast had blest'd,
No solemn prayer was said;
But with ravenous hands, unthankfully,
They broke their daily bread.

The chase was done—the feast was begun,
When a palmer sat in that hall;
Yet his pale dim eye from its rest ne'er rose,
To gaze on that festival!

The crackling blaze on his wan cheek plays,
And aghast his gloomy brow;
While his hands are spread to the rising flame,
And his feet to the embers glow.

For the blast was chill, o'er the mist-cover'd hill,
And the palmer's limbs were old;
And weary the way his feet had trod,
Since the matin-bell had toll'd.

The baron spake—"This morsel take,
And yon pilgrim greet from me;
Tell him we may not forget to share
The joys of our revelry!"

Then thus began that holy man,
As he lowly bent his knee—
"I may not taste of the meat unblest'd;
I would 'twere so with thee."

Of the prose, too, we must give a sample. 'The Dule upo' Dun,' that is, 'The Devil on a dun Horse,' is more amusing than original; we, however, consider it one of the best of the merry kind. A tailor sells himself to the fiend, that he may have three wishes fulfilled: these are enjoyed, and he is grumbling at his bargain, when Satan liberally indulges him with a fourth wish:—

"To show thee that I can keep this bond, even conformably to the terms of my own offer just now, and thy pitiful carcase to boot, I'll e'en grant thee another wish, that thou mayest be satisfied thou art past all hope of redemption. Said I not, that if I could not fulfil any wish of thine, even to the compass of all possible things, and the riches of this great globe itself, I would release thee from this bond?"

"Yea," said Michael with an eager assent.

"Then wish once more: and mind that it be no beggarly desire. Wish to the very summit of wealth, or the topmost pinnacle of thy ambition, for it shall be given thee."

"Then," said the tailor hastily, as though fearful the words would not come forth quick enough from his lips, 'I wish thou wert riding back again to thy quarters, on yonder dun horse, and never be able to plague me again or any other poor wretch whom thou hast gotten into thy clutches!'

"The demon gave a roar loud enough to be heard to the very antipodes; and away went he, riveted to the back of this very dun horse, which Michael had seen through the window, grazing quietly in the lane, little suspecting the sort of jockey that was destined to beset him. The tailor ran to the door to watch his departure, almost beside himself for joy at this happy riddance. Dancing and capering into the kitchen, where his wife was almost dying through terror, he related, as soon as he was able, the marvellous story of his deliverance." i. 266-7.

These are very handsome volumes: each story has an engraved frontispiece, either embodying a favourite passage in the fiction, or else exhibiting the scene in which the tale is laid. The author, too, seems on good terms with the critics, as well as with his bookseller, for he alludes to "the spirit of candour and kindness with which this attempt to illustrate, in a novel manner, the legends of his native county has been viewed by the periodical press." Now, we really see nothing very novel in the matter: this is not the first time that the traditions of a district have been gathered into volumes: perhaps the novelty lies in the way in which the author has chosen to rehearse these stories of the olden time, and then his claim to originality may be better founded. The muse of tradition relates, in a simple straightforward way, the moving accidents with which public memory is full: she remembers no long conversations, deals in no florid descriptions, and scorns to hide her sentiments amid the sparkling jewels of studied diction. It is a little otherwise with Mr. Roby: did the homely tongue of tradition ever start a tale in this manner?—"It was on a bright and glorious summer evening in the year 1464, while the red glare of sunset was still in the west, and a wide

blush of purple passed rapidly over the distant fell and the heath-clad mountain." The muse of your true Lancashire tale we take to be a shrewd old woman in a kirtle of brown, a coif on her grey head, and a distaff in her bosom, from which she is drawing a thread as long as the story she is telling; but the muse who presides over these two fair volumes is, in birth, what the shepherds, in allusion to cross-breeds, call a half-mug; she wears damasked buskins, a kirtle of flowered silk gemmed to the knee, has jewels in her ears and bracelets on her arms, and a chain of gold about her neck;—she tosses her perfumed ringlets as she speaks, and her words sparkle like her apparel.

An Essay upon National Character: being an Inquiry into some of the Principal Causes which contribute to form and modify the Characters of Nations in the State of Civilization. By the late Richard Chenevix, Esq. 2 vols. London, 1831. Duncan.

This is a work to which a periodical like the *Athenæum* is incapable of doing justice, and it seems to us that we shall make the nearest approach to justice by this confession. Here are eleven or twelve hundred pages of close consecutive reasoning, that would require fifty columns in elucidation, or even for abstract: and, after all our labour, the great majority of our readers would throw the *Athenæum* aside with astonishment, and say, what a very dull paper! It is a work to be weighed and pondered over by those only who are accustomed to intellectual labours, and possess a healthy vigour of mind that delights in strong exercise. The style is remarkably clear, and the argument without subtlety or over-refinement. As a brief judgment, we should say, that the work is published an age too late: a greater change than is dreamed of has taken place in public opinion within the last ten or fifteen years, which the writer of this Essay certainly did not foresee. We have all the old views of history and of nations; the test only by which those nations are tried has anything of novelty: pride and vanity—and the difference is very clearly and admirably shown—are the touchstones by which their characteristics are, according to the theory, all made manifest; it is applied to their religion, morals, civil government, and social state; but there is little of novelty in the account of those religions, morals, or governments. Perhaps the following brief summary will explain the argument of the work:—

"Almost the only sentiment from which it is impossible for any man to abstract himself, is self-approbation, together with its opposite feeling, self-disapprobation. Pride and vanity, therefore, whether gratified or wounded, are the agents which are most incessantly modifying the characters of men.

"Upon these grounds, and with the import of the terms as explained in the preceding pages, ever present to the mind, it is evident that mankind may be divided into two great classes, the proud and the vain, subject to infinite modifications, according to the degrees and species of these sentiments which enter into every mind. But what is applicable to individuals, is equally true of communities; and the same principle of classification may be applied to nations. Every nation, then, like every man, belongs to the proud or to the vain, subject also to infinite modifications.

"It remains now to generalize these inquiries;

to investigate the causes which give rise to the pride or vanity of nations; to consider the mode in which they contribute to influence the characters of empires, to regulate their political institutions, to govern their actions in peace and in war;—in a word, to make them such as observation shews them to be at this moment, and such as history represents them to have been in the remotest ages of which any record is preserved."

We must in justice add, that there are few purely intellectual works that can be read with so little fatigue.

MEMOIRS OF THE DUCHESS OF ABRANTES.

Mémoires de Madame la Duchesse d'Abrantes; ou, Souvenirs historiques sur Napoléon, la Révolution, le Consulat, l'Empire, et la Restauration.

A French edition of this work is now published by Messrs. Colburn & Bentley. The four volumes of the Paris edition are compressed into two; and two very handsome volumes. Still, as many of our readers must wait for the English edition before they can enjoy the delightful gossip of the Duchess, we shall continue our translations of some of the scattered anecdotes.

Adventure at Malmaison.

"Napoleon took a great deal of exercise, and delighted in the fresh air. The privation of these threw him into a state of great excitement. We could always judge of the weather by his temper at dinner. If rain, or any other cause, had prevented him from taking his usual ride, he was not only cross, but unwell; and I can easily comprehend, alas! how this unfortunate man fell, at length, a victim to the double action of a devouring sun and the want of exercise. Inhumanity, distilled to its very essence, guided that monster in a human form delegated by the British government to command at St. Helena.

"The First Consul was soon tired of the park at Malmaison; for its extent did not permit him to take such rides as at Merfontaine. He often regretted that the grounds were so confined. Madlle. Julien, who possessed the adjoining land to the right, would not sell it; and the First Consul was obliged to extend his park to the left, and in front. For a moment he entertained the singular idea of purchasing the isle *Channierrie*, an island in the Seine of considerable extent, planted with trees, and abounding in shady groves and beautiful grass plots. But though opposite to Malmaison, it was too far off to be added to the park. * * * The First Consul was forced to give up this project, and he then purchased the woods of Butard. * * * He was so delighted with his purchase, that he determined Madame Bonaparte and I should go and see it, particularly the *passillon*, of which he intended to make a hunting-box. Josephine had one of those dreadful head-aches, with which she was so often afflicted, and which were so intense, that she could find no relief except from sleep. 'Come,' said the First Consul, 'and accompany us; the air will do you good. It is a sovereign remedy for every kind of pain.' Madame Bonaparte dared not refuse any longer. She called for her bonnet and shawl, and, accompanied by Madame Lavallette and me, got into a calash in the form of a basket, with two horses *à la d'Aumont*, driven by a young postilion.

"Napoleon and Bourrienne rode in front of the carriage. The First Consul was as gay as a schoolboy on a holiday. He would every now and then gallop forward, then return and take his wife's hand, just as a child runs on before its mother, comes back, runs on again, and again returns to kiss her before a new run is commenced. It is impossible to convey an idea of

Madame Bonaparte's fear in a carriage; but in this point Napoleon had no pity for her, and never gave way to her. On that day, it being the first time we went to Butard, and the postilion not well acquainted with the road, we found ourselves on the verge of a ravine, or rather brook, whose precipitous banks rendered the passage of the calash rather dangerous. The moment Madame Bonaparte perceived this *precipice*, as she called it, she insisted upon going no further. The *piqueur*, whom she questioned, and who knew her timidity, admitted that the passage might possibly be dangerous. 'Do you hear that?' said she; 'I positively will not go to Butard by this road. Go and tell the First Consul that I shall return, unless he knows another road.' And, ordering the postilion to turn back, we began an actual retreat. 'We had not, however, retrograded ten yards, before the First Consul appeared. 'What is the matter?' cried he, with that expression of countenance which he always assumed when anything displeased him. 'What is this new caprice? Return to the place you came from,' said he, touching lightly the postilion's shoulder with the end of his whip; and, giving his horse the spur, he galloped on before us. We found him contemplating the banks of the fatal brook; but as he had just crossed it on horseback, he was bent upon making everybody else cross it. * * * 'Come!' said Napoleon to the driver, 'one good spring, then slacken the reins, and you will pass. Madame Bonaparte uttered a scream so piercing that it was re-echoed from the forest. 'You shall never force me to remain in the calash; let me get out. Bonaparte! I entreat you to let me get out!' She joined her hands and wept; but Napoleon, unmoved, ordered her to be silent. 'This is childish folly,' said he; 'you shall pass, and in the calash, too. Come,' added he to the postilion, with an oath, 'do you hear what I say?'

"I saw it was high time I should interfere, and I did so in the hope that such a diversion would make Napoleon perceive how wrong he was; for, in that instance, he certainly was wrong. Being pregnant, I did not choose to stake the life of my child against the experiment of passing this brook. The calash might upset, and the least that could happen from Napoleon's obstinacy was to damage it. 'General!' said I, making a sign to the *piqueur* to open the door that I might get out, 'I am answerable for the life of another, and cannot, therefore, remain here. The jolt will be violent, and it might not only hurt me, but even kill me; and I am sure you would not wish that,' added I, laughing. 'I do you the least harm!' replied he, 'No, God forbid! Get out of the calash; for you are right: a jolt might hurt you.' He helped me out; for, at the beginning of the dispute, he had got off his horse. Encouraged by the kind and benevolent expression of his countenance, I hazarded, and very ridiculously, perhaps, an appeal in favour of his wife; and, as he was assisting me down the steps, said to him, 'But a jolt might perhaps hurt Madame Bonaparte, for if she also should happen to be pregnant—' I leave to the expounders of enigmas to interpret what followed. The First Consul looked at me with an expression of such ridiculous astonishment, that I burst into a fit of laughter as I stood upon the last step of the carriage. He answered by another burst of laughter, so singular, so loud, and so shrill, that we all shuddered. Then, having chid me for jumping upon the ground, and appearing to think that he had not sufficiently shown his displeasure towards his wife, 'Put up the steps, and let the calash pass,' said he in a tone which admitted of no reply. Madame Bonaparte was so pale, and had suffered so much before we left home, that I could not help saying to Napoleon, 'General, you would appear very severe, and yet you are not so. Madame Bonaparte is unwell,

and has fever; do, pray, let her get out. He looked at me for some time without saying a word, but with an expression that chilled me. 'Madame Junot,' said he, at length, 'I never liked remonstrance, even when a child: only ask your mother and mine. Judge, then, whether, since that period, I have become more tractable;' and, seeing that what he said, together with his look, had somewhat terrified me, he added, in jocular tone, 'Come along! let me make you cross this *frightful stream*, this *dreadful precipice*!'

"Bourrienne had also got off his horse. Both helped me to cross the brook upon stones, which they had placed for this purpose. When we had reached the opposite bank, and Napoleon saw that the calash did not move—for Josephine, crying as if she were about to ascend the scaffold, had begged the postilion to wait another instant, as a condemned criminal begs a respite—'You young rascal!' said he, 'execute my orders this instant.' And this time he applied his whip to the postilion's shoulders, not *lightly*, but with all the strength of his beautifully small white hand. The horses were immediately put upon their mettle, and the calash crossed the brook; but with so much difficulty, and so violent a jolt, that a spring was broken, a bolt started, and the body of the carriage so much injured, that it could never be used afterwards. As for Madame Bonaparte, the effect of this horrible crossing was but too apparent in her countenance. Her features betrayed the strongest emotion: and it is well known that this renders interesting young faces only. She wept, indeed, without any pouting of the under lip, which is a great advantage in a woman; but the dark circle around her swollen eyes, and the flabbiness of her cheeks, which naturally fell after having been distended by anger, were terrible drawbacks upon her beauty. Josephine had too much experience not to know this; and she covered her face with a thick muslin veil, continuing to sob until we reached Butard. When, as she was about to leave the calash, her husband saw her face bathed in tears, he became very angry. He pulled her rather roughly from the carriage, and, leading her into the adjoining wood, at a very short distance from where we stood, began to scold her, in which he evinced the more warmth, because he had anticipated a day of uninterrupted pleasure. He was wrong to force her to cross the brook; but afterwards, all was in his favour. It seems that Josephine reproached him with other things besides the passage of the brook; for I heard Napoleon say to her, 'You are mad; and if you were to repeat such a thing, I should say that you were wicked as well; for you certainly do not believe what you have said. Besides, you know that I hate all those jealousies so opposed to common sense. You would, in the end, inspire me with a wish to do what you say. Come, kiss me, and hold your tongue. You are quite ugly when you cry. I have already told you so.'

"The return to Malmaison was far from being gay, notwithstanding the reconciliation. Madame Bonaparte uttered some bitter expressions about the special favour I had enjoyed in being allowed to quit the calash. As I certainly should have made a *fausse-couche* had I remained in the carriage, I did not attempt to apologize for not doing so. I confess that this conduct of Madame Bonaparte's seemed to me much more indicative of madness than the obstinacy of the General." iv. 362—70.

The History of the Great Plague in London. London, 1831. Renshaw & Rush.

Few who have read this work ever stopped to inquire whether it were real or fictitious—it is in every line true to nature. The present is a very neat reprint, with a portrait and preface, and we should think the publication excellently well timed.

ORIGINAL PAPERS

EHEU.

Go, warrior, to the tomb
Where the mighty rest from care;
And gaze into its charnel gloom,
And say—what see ye there?—
What see ye of the men that, here,
The mighty, hate—the humble, fear?

We see the massy mail,
All cankered in its rust,
And, by the light so dimly pale,
A little ashy dust;
And here and there—'mid scutcheon'd pride,
A mouldering bone, and nought beside.

Yet these were once like ye;
And many a haughty brow
Hath battled 'neath the helm you see:
Where are the wearers now?—
Go, idle fool, and cast away
Thy worthless sword, and learn to pray.

Go, lover, to the tomb
Where sleep the proud and fair;
And gaze into its charnel gloom,
And say—what see ye there?—
See ye the forms that many a tongue
Hath praised and blessed—the bright, the young?

'Tis damp, and cold, and dim,
Yet, dropping in decay,
See we, amid the darkness grim,
The shrouds so dusk and grey;
And by the couch of many a bride,
A withered wreath, and nought beside.

Yet these were once as bright
As those ye hold so dear;
And hearts have throbb'd, in wild delight,
For those that moulted here.
Go, gaze again, nor think that they
Ye love so well will live for aye.

J. K. B.

ACTUAL STATE OF THE POPULATION AND FINANCES OF THE CHINESE EMPIRE.

We announced the return of M. de Rienzi to Europe some months since; and of all the varied knowledge which he has brought back with him, none, to our apprehension, is more valuable than the full and authentic particulars relating to the existing state of the Chinese Empire. M. de R. has, on the spot itself, consulted official records—statistical tables—state papers, and various periodicals, published under the authority of the government, and not only consulted, but compared them, and tested the whole by personal inquiry and experience; and we therefore give the following results with something like confidence, though they, in no trifling degree, contradict the received opinions.

EXTENT OF THE CHINESE DOMINIONS.

The whole length of the Chinese Empire, reckoning from Kachgar, in the West, to Cape Lesseps, in the East, is fourteen hundred French leagues, or three thousand four hundred English miles; and its breadth, from the northernmost points of Mounts Daba to Loui-Tchou, in the province of Kouang-toung, the southernmost port, seven hundred and sixty leagues, or eighteen hundred and fifty English miles. Its line of coast occupies a length of more than one thousand leagues, or two thousand four hundred and thirty miles.

The geometrical surface of the whole empire may, on an approximate calculation, be computed at six hundred and seventy-five thousand square leagues; thus occupying nearly one-tenth of the surface of the habitable globe, and consequently surpassing in extent the territories of the Roman Empire under Trajan, or those of Alexander's conquests, and of greater area than all

Europe put together. It is inferior only to the overgrown dominions of Russia, though greatly its superior with reference to its riches, industry, and population.

"China Proper," or, as the natives term it, *Tshou-Kou*, or the centre of the earth, extends from the twenty-first to the forty-first degree of northern latitude, and from the ninety-fifth to the hundred and twentieth degree of eastern longitude. This is the territory to which the present detail will be confined; for, as respects the remainder, there are not any native documents extant on which reliance can be placed.

The Chinese nation is divided into four classes; namely, men of letters, agriculturists, mechanics, and dealers. There is no hereditary nobility amongst them; but the highest stations are filled by individuals taken from the highest class of men of letters, and these constitute a species of ephemeral nobility, which is, therefore, open to all persons of talent and perseverance. With the exception of the descendants of *Konfoutee* (Confucius), their great moralist and law-giver, none but the sovereign and the princes of the Imperial family are possessed of hereditary rank. The crown is hereditary in the male line, though the order of primogeniture is not invariably maintained; and the Emperor's will is supreme, as "Sovereign Lord," and "Son of Heaven."

We will now direct our attention to a subject which has given occasion to the most absurd conjectures and exaggerations: namely,

THE POPULATION OF CHINA.

Its Northern Division comprises:

| Provinces. | Inhabitants. |
|------------------|--------------|
| Pe-Chi-Li | 3,402,000 |
| Chan-Si | 1,920,142 |
| Chen-Si | 582,000 |
| Chan-Toung | 24,841,504 |
| Kan-Sou | 840,000 |
| | 31,585,646 |

The Central Division:

| | |
|-----------------------------------|-------------|
| Kiang-Sou } The former province { | 28,853,198 |
| An-Hoei } of Kiang-Nang { | 1,148,023 |
| Ho-Nan | 2,614,000 |
| Kiang-Si | 6,127,425 |
| Sse-Tchhouan | 7,813,000 |
| Tche-Kiang | 18,975,000 |
| Hou-Nan } Formerly the prov. { | 10,000,000 |
| Hou-Pe } of Hou-Kouang { | 24,132,408 |
| Fou-Kian | 2,312,000 |
| | 101,975,054 |

The Southern Division:

| | |
|--------------------|------------|
| Kouei-Tcheou | 2,018,109 |
| Youn-Nan | 3,209,000 |
| Kouang-Si | 3,081,000 |
| Kouang-Toung | 3,604,000 |
| | 11,912,109 |

To this enumeration we must add the mass of inhabitants who live on the water; men, women, and children

2,418,237

The Military Force, viz.

| | |
|---|-------------|
| Regular Infantry | 300,108 |
| Irregular Ditto | 400,000 |
| Regular Cavalry | 227,000 |
| Irregular Ditto | 273,000 |
| Artillery (of the most wretched description) | 17,000 |
| Followers of the Regulars | 30,000 |
| Officers of the Regulars | 6,892 |
| Ditto | 5,201 |
| The Naval Force, amounting to | 32,440 |
| The Nine Classes of Mandarins and subaltern assistants | 102,379 |
| Total of the Inhabitants of the three preceding Divisions | 145,472,809 |
| Sum total of the actual Population | 149,284,066 |

Which enumeration, however, is independent of nearly ten millions of emigrants, settled in Liou-Kieou, the Korea, Japan, Tartary, Thibet, Turkistan, Armenia, India, and other countries.

The natives of China are in number, therefore, little short of one hundred and sixty millions;—a community, inferior only by eighteen millions to the whole population of Europe, and superior to the whole number of souls in the Russian dominions by ninety millions. In this estimate, be it observed, no account is taken of the inhabitants of the conquered and tributary provinces, the population of which is thus stated in the Imperial Almanack and certain Imperial edicts;

| | |
|--|-------------|
| The Korea, now Tchao-Sien | 8,463,000 |
| Thibet and Boutan | 6,500,000 |
| Mandchouria, Mongolia, Kalmuckia, Little Bukkaria, Little Thibet, Dzoungaria, the great island of Tchoka, and other tributary States | 9,000,000 |
| Add, the population of China Proper | 149,284,066 |
| And the emigrants to foreign countries | 10,000,000 |
| Subject to the Crown of China | 183,547,066 |

This population is nearly equivalent to that of one-fourth part of that of the whole Globe.

We will now give the number of inhabitants in the chief towns, viz.

| | |
|------------------------------------|-----------|
| Peking, the capital | 1,700,000 |
| Nanking | 514,000 |
| Hang-Tcheou | 700,000 |
| Oou-Tchang | 580,000 |
| King-Tchin | 500,000 |
| Fok-Han | 320,000 |
| Nang-Tchang | 300,000 |
| Sou-Tcheou-Fou | 214,017 |
| Macao, or Ngao-Men | 32,268 |
| Canton, or Kouang-Tcheou-Fou | 845,729 |

in which last-mentioned returns are comprised the inhabitants of the Isle of Ho-nan; but it does not include the 128,000 individuals who live upon the river Ta.

From these details the reader may correct the erroneous statements of Sonnerat, Malte-Brun, Hassel, and Macartney, who have respectively estimated the population of China within a range of 250,000,000 and 333,000,000 of souls.

On some future occasion, we may be tempted to enter into the particulars of an equally interesting topic—the *Revenue and Expenditure* of the Celestial Empire. It must suffice, for the present, to observe, that Rienzi, on official grounds, states the whole amount of duties and taxes paid in money, at 10,665,000*l.*; and in grain, at 782,707,255 pounds weight; besides the 5,658,804,805 lbs. which are delivered into the public granaries. Taking the grain at the average price of rice, its value will be 23,809,000*l.*; and hence the *Public Receipts of China* are stated as producing a sum of 34,474,000*l.*

The *Civil and Military Expenditure*, (exclusive of the Navy, the outlay upon which is uncertain in its amount) against which the preceding sum of 10,665,000*l.* is raised, is stated at 8,777,000*l.*; the surplus being applied to the salaries of the ministers of state, the support of the College of Hanlin, which is composed of 282 officers, and the palace expenses.

But there remain to be added to the Public Income a variety of substantial items; such as the duties levied on strangers at Canton, Macao, Emoi, and in Formosa—the revenue derived from the sale of public offices—the customs raised at the frontiers, &c.—the burthens imposed on the tributary states—the produce of the Imperial domains—monopolies, confiscations, and other minor sources of income. If, therefore, the whole of these items of revenue be taken into the account, Rienzi conceives himself warranted in estimating the financial resources of China at a sum of *forty millions sterling* per annum, which is much more than adequate to its yearly expenditure; though widely below the calculations of most writers who have hitherto written on the subject.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP ON LITERATURE
AND ART.

WE hear from the north, that Allan has finished a full length picture of Sir Walter Scott writing in his study at Abbotsford, and that Chantrey has erected his colossal statue of George IV. in the New Town of Edinburgh. This we consider one of the happiest of the sculptor's portrait statues—there is great ease and elegance in the posture—a mild dignity in the look, and a flowing beauty of robe, which covers, without concealing, the fine proportions of the figure. So the statue looked to us here; and that it is thought as well of in the north, though the critics cavil a little, may be gathered from the circumstance, that the artist has been commissioned to make a companion statue; even one of William Pitt, to be placed in the same street.

This is all we have heard in the way of gossip relating to Art, and circumstances prevented our attending the Artists and Amateurs' Conversazione, where more might have been gathered. In Literature there is nothing new. This dearth makes us think of Music and the Opera, and bestir ourselves to anticipate the coming season. At the Opera, nothing is definitively settled, nor will be, beyond our former announcements, until next week, when Mr. Monck Mason is expected to return from the continent. The choruses of 'Idomeneo' and of 'La Gazza Ladra,' have been rehearsed, under the vigilant direction of Mr. Augustine Wade. Nicholson, we hear, is to be offered *flauto primo*, and we are sure every lover of the Opera will agree with us, that there was a necessity for some change in this department; other changes we have heard spoken of, which do not promise so well. It is also the *on dit* that Albert is to be *maitre de ballet*. The concert-room at this theatre is undergoing such alterations as are required for the accommodation of royalty at the Philharmonic and other Concerts. The amphitheatre is to form no longer a distinct place for the audience, and will be reduced to the general level; another tier of boxes will be made under the present, and a new entrance in the centre; Three boxes, immediately over the new entrance, are to be converted into one for the royal visitors; the approach to which will be from the Haymarket, up two flights of the gallery-stairs (!), through a new aperture, which will open on a level with the royal box.

The circulars of the Philharmonic, announcing the dates of the performances for the ensuing season, have this week been issued to the members and associates. The first Concert will not take place before the last week in February. No mention is made of a trial night for new compositions!

The successor to the late Mr. Greatorex, at the Concerts of Ancient Music, is on the eve of appointment. Dr. Camidge, the organist of York Cathedral, has been mentioned, and the Doctor is undoubtedly well qualified, being an excellent organist, a sound musician, and a man of irreproachable character; but were it permitted to us to appoint to this place of honour, we should not forget the claims of the long-tried and eminently gifted Knyvett.—While writing these lines, we have been positively assured that Mr. Knyvett is appointed.

Bishop is going or gone to Paris. His visit is probably with a view to judge whether Mayerbeer's new grand opera, 'Robert le Diable,' is calculated to succeed at one of our national theatres. The French critics are in raptures—nothing like it, they would lead us to believe, has ever before been written—it has produced quite a sensation in Paris. To the adapter, whoever he may be, we say, let us have "the music, the whole music, and nothing but the music" of the author.

Among our musical friends we have heard mention of a new opera, as a production of no ordinary merit. What probability there is of its being brought out, we do not know. The composer is a Frenchman, a pupil of Reicha, the professor of counterpoint and composition at the Conservatoire in Paris. Of the plot, at present, we know nothing; the music is said to be highly dramatic, the harmonies good, and sometimes original, the choruses full of character and vigour, and the finale to the first act, not unworthy the fame of a more experienced writer.

SOTHEBY'S HOMER.

To the Editor of the Athenæum.

SIR,—In the critique of Sotheby's Homer in the present month's *Blackwood*, I find it remarked at p. 882, that the version of the line,

'Εκ δ' ἄρα σὺγγυος πατρίων ἐσπᾶσα' ἔγχεος,

is unsatisfactory, and the translator's expression, "to-day," uncouth. Mr. Sotheby's rendering is this:

"Then from the case, wherein its terror lay,
The chief brought forth his father's lance to-day."
where the guilty words—if used, as the Professor supposes, to express "that instant—*αὐτίκα*"—might well be convicted of barbarism, and appear "new to us in the northern part of the island." (*viz.* to the frequenters of the Pnyx of the metropolis of Modern Attica.) The fact is, it seems to signify "φῶς δέ—*to the light of day*;" and that such was the translator's meaning, appears corroborated by two lines in his *Georgics* (B. 1, l. 201):

"Lest weeds spring up, and, as it wears away,
The tiny mouse creep through its clinks to-day."
Had the hyphen been in either instance removed, there would have been no question on the subject. I confess it seems curious that the same elucidation should have failed to strike the acute mind of the Professor; but as long as he pours out such glorious critiques as the present is, and its predecessors have been, we can afford him, like the god of his idolatry, a nod or two. By the bye, what on earth could have induced him to have designated Homer "the well-booted Grecian"? Was it in any possible allusion to the *πεδῖλον* of Pindar? No, that was a scandal. Or was it not rather as a retort upon the old bard for so continually denominating the Greek warriors *ἐκρημνίδες*?

Apologizing for troubling you on so trivial a point, I have the honour to be, Sir,

Your obedient Servant,

B.

SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY

ROYAL SOCIETY.

Dec. 8.—His Royal Highness, the President, in the Chair.—The following paper was resumed, but not concluded: 'On the connexion of electricity and magnetism,' by Michael Faraday, Esq., F.R.S.

The following gentlemen were elected into the Society:—Lord Oxmantown, Thomas Marlaar, Philip Hardwick, and Henry Robinson Palmer, Esqs.; and Edward Coleman, Esq., admitted.

LINNEAN SOCIETY.

A meeting was held on Tuesday last, A. B. Lambert, Esq., in the Chair; at which the Rev. Mr. Kinnaird was elected a Fellow, and several other gentlemen were proposed. The Secretary

read a paper from the Rev. J. Blackwall, in further explanation of the views entertained by the writer, of the means by which flies and other insects are enabled to walk, in opposition to gravity, upon polished surfaces of glass, and other materials placed vertically. The reading of a second paper was also commenced, on the general distribution of marsupial animals, with descriptions of some new species, by W. Ogilby, Esq., A.M., F.Z.S. Several birds' skins, from New Holland, were presented by Mr. Allan Cunningham, and other donations appeared on the table.

HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY.

Dec. 6.—A report from the garden of the Society was read, upon the propagation of cabbage by slips, a method whereby the power is secured of obtaining certain and uniform crops of the same variety, and which, by proper care and attention, may be as advantageously employed in this country as in Brazil, where it is much in practice. This mode does not apply, however, to the cauliflower and brocoli tribes.

Some fine specimens of the Shaddock known by the name of Forbidden Fruit, from the West Indies, were exhibited by Mr. Dyer. We observed, also a noble specimen of the Duchesse d'Angoulême pear, from the garden of Mrs. Chambers, of Faversham, the weight of which was 3lb. 2oz. A Poireon Jaune of 153lb. weight; a collection of pears; flowers of chrysanthemums, and other objects of interest, were also included in the exhibition.

KING'S COLLEGE, LONDON.

Dr. Watson's Lecture, on Wednesday last, on the subject of Strangulation, with reference to the body of Bishop, the Murderer.

PROFESSOR WATSON began his highly interesting lecture, by stating the exact manner in which life is extinguished by suffocation,—namely, by the sudden stoppage of the supply of air to the lungs. He showed that death ensues from the circulation of venous blood to all parts of the body: that such blood, not having undergone the proper chemical changes in the lungs, and being distributed through the arteries, which naturally carry arterial blood, acts as a poison on every part of the body which it so reaches: that it kills the brain first, and then the heart, and muscles: that insensibility begins as soon as the black or venous blood arrives at the brain, but that the heart continues to beat and to circulate venous blood some time longer. He mentioned the valuable practical fact depending upon these circumstances—*viz.* that if artificial respiration be induced in the interval between the cessation of the functions of the brain and the cessation of the heart's action, life may often be restored. Dr. Watson dwelt, with great effect, on the evidence to be derived from inspection of the body, that death has been caused by suffocation—and showed, that it is often uncertain and inconclusive: that the circumstances, mentioned by some writers, of the body's remaining long warm and pliant, and of its presenting blue and purple spots and blotches on various parts of the skin, although frequent, do not always occur, and are not at all distinctive of death, produced by suffocation when they do occur: that the most important sign is an accumulation of blood in the right side of the heart and in the lungs, great veins, and venous system generally; but that even this test is not always sufficient, because when suffocation has been rapidly produced, the blood often remains fluid, and the venous congestion, which takes place at the time of death, disappears at a certain period afterwards.

He next spoke of death by hanging or strangulation, as being one variety of death by suffocation—and probably the easiest mode of death so produced;—and this both because insen-

sibility is produced as soon as venous blood reaches the brain and before the action of the heart ceases, and consequently, before life is extinct; and, also, because such insensibility is accelerated and increased by the pressure of the rope upon the jugular veins, which prevents the return of the blood from the head, and occasions it to accumulate there. The testimony of persons who have recovered after being apparently dead by hanging, is in favour also of this opinion—of which the professor gave some curious examples, and especially one from Lord Bacon's History of Life and Death.

Dr. Watson dwelt, lastly, on the special marks of death by hanging, such as the mark left by the rope—the appearance of the countenance, and the occasional fracture or dislocation of the vertebrae of the neck. He also pointed out the error of those, who suppose that death in these cases is owing to apoplexy—although sometimes that cause does concur, with the circulation of black blood through the arteries, in destroying life.

Professor Mayo then entered into a scientific examination of the appearances which the body presented, and concluded the lecture by some apposite remarks on the existing state of the law in this country with regard to dissection, and its inestimable uses.

MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

| | |
|----------|---|
| MONDAY. | Geographical Society Nine, P.M. |
| | Medical Society Eight, P.M. |
| TUESDAY. | Medico-Botanical Society .. Eight, P.M. |
| | Medico-Chirurgical Society .. 1 past 8 P.M. |
| | Geological Society 1 past 8 P.M. |
| WEDNES. | Society of Arts 1 past 7, P.M. |
| | Royal Society 1 past 8, P.M. |
| THURSD. | Society of Antiquaries Eight, P.M. |
| | Royal Asiatic Society Two, P.M. |
| SATURD. | Westminster Medical Society, Eight, P.M. |

FINE ARTS

Landscape Illustrations of the Waverley Novels.
No. 17, 18, 19. Tilt.

This very delightful work is now drawing to a close, and we regret that the proprietors keep to their promise, and that twenty numbers will complete the series. Some of the plates before us deserve especial mention, among others, the *'View of Powis Castle,'* drawn by FIELDING, from a sketch by Lady Lucy Clive.—*Tours,* by PROUT—and *'Craigievar Castle,'* by CATERMOLE, from a sketch by Skene.

THEATRICALS

DRURY LANE.

THE new after-piece brought out here on Thursday night, called *'The Bride of Ludgate,'* is the production of Mr. Jerrold. It is always agreeable to us to report favourably, and in this instance we do so with great good-will. The piece is said to be original. If by this is meant that it is not translated, its claim to originality is not, we believe, to be disputed. Further we cannot go, because the events, though in themselves highly agreeable, are much the same as we have had over and over again, and they are brought about much in the usual way. The incident of an old guardian having a pretty ward, whom he wishes to marry, and whom he is tricked out of by a younger and more favoured lover, is anything but new—indeed, for fear of mistakes on this point, we had had it just before on the same evening in the *'Barber of Seville.'* The remainder of the plot is made out of some of the freaks and adventures in disguise of Charles II.—so much so, that *'The Bride of Ludgate'* might with great propriety have been called *'Charles the Second the Second.'* Mr. Wallack makes a very good-looking representative of the merry monarch, and after a series of difficulties into which he contrives to lead the various characters, discovers himself

to the astonished beholders in capacity of king, enjoys their confusion, and displays his clemency. The first act is rather heavy, but the second is bustling, sprightly, and pleasant. There is a very fair sprinkling of smart sayings, though the language generally is somewhat encumbered and obscured by too studied imitation of the olden style. Miss Phillips, Mr. J. Russell, and Mr. Cooper, did their best to contribute to the hilarity of the evening, and *'The Bride of Ludgate'* was cordially welcomed by the company assembled. Schoolboy-like, we keep the best bit for the last—Mrs. Orger was delicious.

The *'Barber of Seville,'* as now performed at this house, has strong recommendations, though it has not, as the bills assert, the whole of the music, and though it has certain introductions from other operas which, if it were given in its complete state, would not be wanted. Mr. Wood seemed out of voice. It is impossible to compliment him on the manner in which he sung the song from the *'Donna del Lago.'* Signor Curioni, with all his laziness, used to dream this out delightfully, and the audience always enjoyed a nod with him; but Mr. Wood went fast asleep over it—so fast, that we felt the necessity of a shake being introduced. He sang better afterwards. Mrs. Wood was very brilliant, and, in all but the last *finale* from *'Cinderella,'* very much deserving of commendation and admiration. In that, she was loud to vulgarity. The satisfaction she might have imparted by singing it as she used to do, was, to us, at least, lost from the exertions used to make it louder than any singing ever heard before. The contortions of her countenance were painful to behold; and the subsequent pantings showed that it was fortunate for her not to be encored. Mr. H. Phillips is an admirable *Figaro*, and Mr. Seguin an excellent *Bartolo*. There was the usual call for *'God save the King'* after the opera, and the style in which one verse was given, as a duet, by Mr. Phillips and Mr. Wood, excited universal applause. We believe that there never has been, at an English theatre, so fine a band as that which now fills the Drury Lane orchestra.

If nobody belonging to the theatre will take the trouble to correct the numerous instances of bad English in the bills, we really must, next week, offer our humble services.

COVENT GARDEN.

ON Tuesday a new farce was produced here, called *'Country Quarters.'* There is no occasion to go into any detail about it, as it is little more than a vehicle for another display of little Miss Poole's versatile talents. She is, as usual, extremely clever in it, and the piece itself was decidedly successful. We do not know the name of the author.

MISS SHIRREFF.

[In giving insertion to the following letter, we but do justice to a very worthy man, and very sound musician. We remember to have heard Miss Shirreff at the Oratorios, and to have thought and spoken highly of her talent.]

To the Editor of the Athenæum.

DEAR SIR, Dec. 10th, 1831.

I shall esteem myself much obliged by your informing the public, through the medium of your very popular publication, that Miss Shirreff (the young lady who made her debut at Covent Garden, as *Mandane*, in *'Artaxerxes,'* on the 1st inst.) received her musical education from me, and was brought out at the Oratorios, as pupil of Dr. Essex, 5th March, 1828, and sang the remainder of that season with a considerable share of public applause, to my great gratification and credit, as her master. She was under my tuition five years, during which term she became (what every vocalist ought to be), a scientific musician, in addition to her skill as a pianoforte performer and singer. When Miss S. was studying under me, a theatrical engagement was not contemplated, or approved by her friends at that time; I therefore educated her as a concert singer, and as such she was very favourably received by the public, and well reported of by most of

the daily papers and periodical publications of the time. Miss S. was (unfortunately for me), after her first appearance, indisposed the whole of that season, therefore her natural powers were not developed to the extent they now are. Miss S.'s articles with me expired 29th September, 1829: since when, she has turned her attention to the stage, and has placed herself under the guidance of Mr. Welsh, who is not only a good theatrical tutor, but has (I am given to understand,) considerable theatrical influence. My reason for stating this to the public is, that being entirely dependent on my professional exertions for the support of myself and family, and having cultivated Miss S.'s musical talents to a high point, I wish the public to give me the credit justly due to my instructions; at the same time, I beg to be distinctly understood, that I have no wish to detract from the merit of what Mr. W. may have done for Miss S. during the short period she has been his pupil.

I beg to be considered respectfully yours,
T. ESSEX, Mus. Doc. Oxon.
21, Dorset-place, Dorset-square,
Regent's Park.

MISCELLANEA

Captain Ross.—Intelligence has been received in London from Shetland, stating, that a bottle had just been found on the beach containing a letter from Capt. Ross, written in March last, and dated Hudson's Straits, when the destruction of his ship was certain, and a few minutes before she was expected to go down. As it is possible that the friends of this enterprising officer and his companions may be alarmed, should this report reach them, we think it well to say, that the whole story is a palpable fraud. That a bottle has been found containing a letter, our informant thinks probable—but that it was not written by Ross, and has no reference to his ship, he is certain; and for these reasons:—the name of the writer of the letter is torn off—the name of the ship and date are torn off—and the Shetlander is, it appears, of opinion, that some reward has been offered for any discovery relating to Capt. Ross, and therefore, this mutilation of a genuine document. For date, name, and all important particulars, we are required to confide in this Shetlander, who tells an idle story of having recovered the document from a boy who found the bottle, and ignorantly mutilated the letter, and yet was fortunately enabled to recollect name and date, and he states that it was signed John Ross, and dated on board H.M.S. *Griper*. Now, it is most important to observe, that *'His Majesty's—'* still remains on the letter, in proof that the writer was on board a king's ship, whereas Capt. Ross is on board a private ship. Our informant is of opinion, that the letter is genuine, and that the bottle was probably thrown overboard at some perilous moment, when the *Griper* was under the command of Capt. Lyons. The *Griper*, however, escaped all her dangers, returned home in 1824 or 5, and has not since been in commission. As to Capt. Ross, should he have succeeded in effecting the passage, it is hardly possible that we could hear from him before this time.

New Members of Parliament.—In the forthcoming number of *'Brewster's Journal of Science,'* the necessity of representing the intelligence, as well as the property of the country, in the reformed Parliament, is considered, and a proposal made, that the Scientific and Literary Institutions in the metropolis should send representatives to Parliament. We are of opinion, that, if it were possible to represent the intelligence of the age, such representation would include all other—but we doubt how far the object would be gained by this proposal, and are quite sure the election into those learned bodies must be greatly altered, before any good could result from elections by them.

The Caricaturist.—This is a monthly periodical we have never before chanced to meet with. It contains, on a single folio sheet, some twenty or more caricatures—hitting folly as it flies—and often very cleverly. We have laughed heartily over it, and have ourselves dispatched a copy to friends abroad, as likely to give them

a good idea of the feelings at home—and we recommend others to do the same. They are designed by "C. J. Grant, and sold by King, Chancery Lane," but may, we suppose, be ordered of any newsman.

Cottage Gardens.—We are glad to find, that the question of establishing a prize for the best cultivated cottage gardens, has been thought worthy the consideration of the Cambridge Horticultural Society. There can be no doubt, that, by directing the attention of the labouring classes to the productive profit of a garden, and by the emulation such prizes would awaken, something might be done to improve the condition of the agricultural labourers. At present, indeed, in too many of our southern provinces, the labourer has no garden to cultivate.

Migration.—(Extract of a letter from Capt. Fayer to the Zoological Society, dated *Port Patrick, October 23.*)—The migration of Larks, commenced about October 12. "Their numbers are beyond anything I would venture to state, but millions. They start at daylight, steer directly across to the Capelona Islands, off Belfast Lock, and seem to prefer the wind directly against them. Very large flocks of *Starlings* have arrived within the last few days. They start before sunrise, but steer to the southward. The Lapwings have also arrived; but these birds do not take their flight till day has set well in: they appear to go directly across. I see all these birds at each end of their passage (21 miles), and few, I think, perish."

Early English Plays.—Messrs. Sotheby last week sold a portion of an extensive dramatic library; and, as the selections were from celebrated collections, and in very beautiful condition, we have made a few extracts from the sale catalogue, for the information of our book-loving friends.—Armin the player's 'Two Maids of More-Clacke, played by the children of the Revells,' 1609, 4l. 12s.—The Valiant Welchman, or, True Chronicle History of Caradoc the Great, by the same author, 1615, 4l. 7s.—Barnaby Rimes' 'Devil's Charter,' 1607, 2l.—Baron's 'Cyprian Academy,' 1648, 2l. 3s. Sir Aston Cokain's Choice Poems and Plays, 1669, 2 vols., 2l. 2s.—'Monsieur d'Olive,' 1606, 3l. 10s.—'Bussy d'Ambois,' 1607, 3l. 13s. 6d.—'Two Wise Men, and all the rest Fools,' 1619, 4l. 4s.—D'Urfe's 'English Stage Italianized,' 1727, 8vo, 2l. 12s. 6d., an hitherto unexampled price for this tract.—'Mucedorus: the most pleasant comedie of Mucedorus, the King's Sonne of Valencia, and Amadine the King's daughter of Aragon,' with 'The Merry Conceits of Monse, very delectable and full of conceited mirth,' 1609, 3l. 6s.—Duchess of Newcastle's Plays, 2 vols. folio, 1662-8, 1l. 15s., (at Rhodes's sale a similar copy sold for 5l. 15s. 6d.)—'The Wizard,' Comedy written before 1640, from Dulwich College Library, 2l. 9s.—Sir W. Lower's 'Three New Plays, 1661, 3l. 13s. 6d.—Dufflet's 'Empress of Morocco,' with the rare portrait, 1674, 1l. 15s.—Heywood's 'Fair Maide of the West; or, a Girl worth Gold,' 1631, both parts, 4l. 5s.—Jordan's Poetical Varieties, 1637, 2l. 5s.—'Walks of Islington and Hogsden,' 1657, 3l. 5s.—'Fancy's Festival,' a masque, 1657, 3l. 10s.—'Lookinge Glasse for London and England,' 1617, 3l. 4s.—'Roaring Girl,' 1611, 3l. 9s.—'Game at Chess,' 1624, 2l. 12s. 6d.—Sharpsham's 'Fleire,' 1607, 3l. 11s.—Sir Wilson's 'Cobler's Prophetic,' 1594, 4l. 4s.—Among the theatrical tracts were also many of considerable scarcity.

TO CORRESPONDENTS

Unless surprised by more new works, LIVING ARTISTS, No. 10, A. Calcott, R.A., next week. We are so crowded this week, that we must defer our notice of 'Newton Forster,' and other forthcoming works, although favoured by early copies. The 'Notes on New Zealand' are unavoidably omitted.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL

| Days of W. & M. | Thermom. Max. Min. | Barometer. | Winds. | Weather. |
|-----------------|--------------------|------------|------------|----------|
| Th. 1 | 48 42 | 30.13 | N.W. | Cloudy. |
| Fr. 2 | 49 42 | 29.95 | N.W. | Ditto. |
| Sat. 3 | 49 42 | 29.95 | S.W. | Ditto. |
| Sun. 4 | 50.5 42.5 | 29.90 | S.W. | Moist. |
| Mon. 5 | 50 41 | 29.65 | S.W. | Cloudy. |
| Tues. 6 | 51 45 | 29.15 | W to S.W. | Ditto. |
| Wed. 7 | 51 55 | 28.50 | S to W. H. | Rain. |

Prevailing Clouds.—Cumulostratus, Cirrostratus. Nights and Mornings fair, excepting Wednesday. Mean temperature of the week, 45.5°.

Athenæum Advertisement.

NOVELTIES IN LITERATURE AND ARTS.

Forthcoming.—The Sixth Volume of the Rev. Robert Hall's Works is to contain a brief Memoir and Sketch of his Literary Character by Sir James Mackintosh, and a Sketch of his Character as a Theologian and a Preacher, by the Rev. John Foster.

A Novel, entitled 'Reform,' by a Noble Author. In 2 vols.

Essays, Moral, Political, and Literary; selected from the Quarterly Review, during the Editorship of William Gifford, Esq.

The Young Gentleman's Book; containing a series of choice readings in Popular Science and Natural History, with Retrospective Essays, Conversations, Literary Reminiscences, &c.

The First Part of Fluden's Landscape Illustrations to Mr. Murray's first complete and uniform edition of the Life and Works of Lord Byron, will appear on the first of January.

Maternal Sketches, with Minor Poems, by Eliza Rutherford.

A New Peerage is announced for immediate publication, by authority, edited at the Herald's College, by Edmund Lodge, Esq., Norroy King of Arms.

Just subscribed.—The Cottager's Monthly Visitor, for 1831, 12mo. 6s.—Bishop Jolly on the Eucharist, 12mo. 4s.—London University Calendar, for 1832, 4s.—Hodgson's Mythology for Latin Versification, 12mo. 3s.—The Words of Christ Recorded by the Evangelists, 8vo. 5s. 6d.—Hope on the Diseases of the Heart, 8vo. 1l. 1s.—Erewin, or Miscellaneous Essays on Man, 12mo. 5s.—The Chameleon, a Scottish Annual, 8vo. 9s. 6d.—Colling's Fables in Verse, Edited by Mrs. Bray, 8vo. 7s.—Horton's Tables on Planting, 12mo. 3s.—Hemming's Last of the Sophias, a Poem, 8vo. 5s. 6d.—Chenevix's Essay upon the National Character, 2 vols. 8vo. 1l. 8s.—The Excitement, for 1832, 18mo. 4s. 6d.—The Modern Sabbath Examined, 8vo. 7s. 6d.—Tales written during a Wet Summer, 18mo. 1s. 6d.—Ring's Grammar of Modern Geography, 18mo. with Explanatory Atlas, oblong folio, 10s. 6d.—Adcock's Engineer's Pocket Book, for 1832, 6s.—User's Daughter, 3 vols. 8vo. 1l. 8s. 6d.—Meller's Nicotiana, or, the Smoker's and Snuff-taker's Pocket Companion, 3s. 6d.

ADVERTISEMENTS

CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.

A DUE attention to Children's Hair is of the greatest importance, both as to utility and elegance; a more acceptable Present to Youth of both sexes cannot be granted than a supply of ROWLAND'S MACASSAR OIL. It is invaluable in the Nursery. This celebrated Oil eradicates the scurf, and generates with infancy ample growth of beautiful hair, and will sustain it in perfection, subduing all relaxing tendencies; it firmly keeps the Hair in curl during many hours, uninspired by damp weather, crowded Assemblies, the Dance, or Equestrian Exercise. Price 3s. 6d., 10s. 6d., and One Guinea, per bottle.

Caution.—To prevent imposition, and by Authority of the Honorable Commissioners of Stamps, the Name and Address of the Proprietors is engraved on the Government Stamp affixed on the Cork of each Genuine Bottle.

A. ROWLAND & SON, 25, HATTON GARDEN, And counterfeited ALEX. ROWLAND.

To the Traveller, whose avocations expose him to various changes of weather, ROWLAND'S KALYDOR will prove an infallible specific in successfully opposing the attacks of Winter's chilling blast on the skin, and rendering the complexion soft and smooth, healing Chapped Skin, reducing all Inflammation, Burns, Erysipelas, &c. To Gentlemen after shaving, it soothes and allays the smarting sensations, and renders the face peculiarly pleasant. Price 4s. 6d., and 6s. 6d. per bottle, duty included.

Caution.—To prevent imposition, and by Authority of the Honorable Commissioners of Stamps, the Name and Address of the Proprietors is engraved on the Government Stamp affixed on the Cork of each Genuine Bottle.

ROWLAND'S ODONTO;

OR, PEARL DENTIFRICE.

Recommended by the most eminent of the Faculty as the mildest, yet the most salutary and efficacious Dentifrice that was ever discovered, forming an efficient VEGETABLE WHITE POWDER, composed of ingredients the most pure and rare, selected from Eastern soil, and a never-failing remedy for every disease to which the Teeth and Gums are liable, eradicating all deleterious matter, at the same time healing, strengthening, and firmly fixing the teeth in their sockets, realizing a BEAUTIFUL SET OF PEARLY TEETH, and on the Gums operates as an anti-scorbutic, restoring and sustaining their healthy appearance, and gives fragrance to the breath.

Price 3s. 6d. per box, duty included.

Sold by the Proprietors, as above; and most Perfumers and Medicine Vendors.

CHOLERA MORBUS.—The Board of Health strongly recommend the use of the CHLORIDES of LIME and SODA as one of the best preventives of this most dreadful miasm.—BARKER and MACQUEEN, Manufacturing Chemists, 201, Strand, are preparing them on such an extensive scale as to be able to supply the Public at nearly half the usual prices, viz.

Quart Bottle of Chloride of Lime 2s. 6d.
Ditto Ditto Soda 2s. 6d.

THE PRINCIPAL PROPERTIES OF THE CHLORIDES ARE,
To prevent Infection from Small-pox, Measles, CHOLERA MORBUS, Scarlet and Typhus Fever, &c.
To keep Meat, Fish, and Game sweet in the hottest weather, and to restore them when tainted.
To purify bad or dirty Water.
To disinfect Sick Chambers and all crowded Places.
To destroy Garden Insects.
To remove Stains from Linens.
To correct all offensive Odours, from whatever cause arising; &c. &c. &c.

N.B. The Vendors of these Chlorides are not liable to impositions, not being subject to the Stamp Duty, and are sold at 23 per cent. cheaper than those prepared by any other Manufacturer.

Sold by all respectable Chemists; and at the Manufactory, 201, Strand.

TO PARENTS.

TAYLOR'S ALTERNATIVE AND FEVER POWDERS,
For the Diseases of Infants and Children.

THE above very highly popular and estimable Medicines (published by Wm. Taylor, Esq. Surgeon, of Great Yarmouth) are sold WHOLESALE by Messrs. Barclay and Sons, Farringdon-street, London. Letters and testimonials of the efficacy of these Medicines may be had of the above from the Nobility and others, who have used the Powders in their families for years with invariable success! There is no difficulty to persuade children to take them: they are given *quite dry*, and are as palatable as sugar! Families travelling will find the Powders an invaluable acquisition. Sold in Boxes of 8s. 6d., 4s. 6d., 1l., and 2l. To prevent imposition, Mr. Taylor's signature is found on each box, and the name of the Dispensary, saving will be found by purchasing the larger sized Boxes.

The ALTERNATIVE Powders are given as an occasional aperient, and are also particularly recommended for Infants at the time of Teething, and in the following diseases: *Worms, Constipation, Retention of the Urine, and as a Purgative in Vaccination and Hooping Cough, &c.*

The FEVER Powders are given with great success in decided cases of Fever, such as *Scarlet and inflammatory Fevers*, also in *Meadler, Small Pox*, and all those diseases attended with febrile symptoms. The Alternative and Fever Powders are sold in separate Boxes, and may be had of all respectable Vendors of Medicine.

TO DETECT FRAUD.—All Pencils having Steel Points, or Nozzles, or Tortoiseshell Bodies, and White Metal, substituted for Silver, are Frauds on the Patent Pencils.

To avoid all the inconvenience arising from the Spurious Articles, see that the Pencil has the name 'S. MURDAN & Co., Traders and Patentees' on the body of the case, and that the case is all Silver or all Gold. And also to ensure the proper Leads for replenishing the case, see that each box has a yellow belt, with the word 'Warranted' on it, and a red sealing-wax impression, bearing the initials 'S. M. & Co.'

In many instances the Purchaser has paid as much for these Spurious Steel-Pointed Pencils and Tortoiseshell Cases, as for the Genuine Silver and Gold Articles.

Shopkeepers in Provincial Towns would do well to observe the above remarks, to prevent their being imposed upon, the public being much inconvenienced in not being supplied with the genuine article.

Literature, Fine Arts, &c.

Now ready,

NEWTON FORSTER; or, the MERCHANT SERVICE.

By the Author of 'The King's Own.' In 3 vols. post 8vo. Price 3s. boards. Printed for James Cochran and Co. 11, Waterloo-place; and may be had of all Booksellers in the Kingdom.

THE ALFRED of To-morrow, Sunday,

December 11, will contain a number of powerful Political Articles on the present Aspect of Public Affairs; a carefully condensed Report of Proceedings in Parliament; a full Account of the Confession and Execution of Bishop Williams; and a great variety of important general information.—The Alfred has already obtained a most extensive circulation amongst the influential classes of society, and is the largest and cheapest family Newspaper.

Published every Sunday Morning, at the Office, 10, Beaufort Buildings, Strand; and to be had of all Newsmen.

An early edition, for the convenience of Post, is printed every Saturday Afternoon at 4 o'clock.

The Genuine and Authentic Edition, price 6d.

THE TRIAL OF JOHN BISHOP, THOS.

WILLIAMS, alias HEAD, and JAMES MAY, for the MURDER of the ITALIAN BOY, tried at the Old Bailey Sessions, Friday, Dec. 2, 1831. Full Particulars of their Behaviour—the Genuine Confession of Bishop and Head, which occupied nearly 20 folios—the Reprieve of May, and Execution of Bishop and Williams—Accidents at the Execution—Post Mortem Examinations—Speech of the Duke of Sussex on the Occasion; his Reasons for attending important Trials—Warning to Dram Drinkers, &c. Carefully reported and revised, with Additions from all the London Press and private Sources, by W. HARDING, Short-Hand Writer.

London: Published by W. Harding (Pulpit Office), 3, Paternoster-row; and sold by all Booksellers and Newsmen.

No. 473 of the Pulpit contains Professor Wilson's Introductory Lecture on Moral Philosophy—a splendid production, 3d.—No. 474, Rev. H. M'Neill's Sermon, on Tuesday last; a two hours' Sermon, verbatim. 3d. The subject of the recent Proceedings at Mr. Irwin's Chapel, was eloquently dwelt upon by Mr. M'Neill.—Dr. Fletcher's Sermon on the Gift of Tongues is now ready.—Dr. Fletcher's Sermon, entitled 'Proof of Christianity from the Writings of its Opponents,' next week.

On Monday, in 3 vols. elegantly bound,
MISS MITFORD'S AMERICAN
 SERIES OF
STORIES FOR CHILDREN.
 Also, uniformly bound,
The First Series. In 3 vols. 10s. 6d.
 Whittaker, Treacher, and Co. Ave Maria-lane.

MR. LODGE'S NEW PEERAGE.
 On Monday next, in 1 vol.
THE PEERAGE
 OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE.
 As at present existing, arranged and printed from the Personal
 Communications of the Nobility.
 By EDMUND LODGE, Esq.,
 Norroy King of Arms, F.S.A. &c.
 To which is added, a View of the Baronetage of the three
 Kingdoms.
 Saunders and Otley, Public Library, Conduit-street.

Albemarle-street, December 2, 1831.
FIRST COMPLETE AND UNIFORM EDITION
 OF THE LIFE AND WORKS OF LORD BYRON.
 In order to prevent disappointments, in the delivery of the first
 volume of the above Work, Mr. Murray requests that Country
 Booksellers will him the favour of sending to their Correspondents
 in London, by Thursday, the 15th instant, the amount
 of the orders that they may, by that time, have received.
 * Country Booksellers may be supplied with Prospectuses
 for distribution on application to their Correspondents in London.

A NEW EDITION OF
THE QUARTERLY REVIEW, No. XCI.
 It contains Articles on
 I. MOORE'S Life of Lord Edward Fitzgerald.
 II. CROKER'S Edition of Boswell's Life of Johnson.
 III. The Bishop of Peterborough's Life of Bentley.
 IV. JONES on the Distribution of the Opium.
 V. The NATURE, ORIGIN, and PROGRESS of the CHOLERA
 MORBUS.
 VI. The ARCHBISHOP OF DUBLIN on Political Economy.
 VII. ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.
 VIII. DIRECTIONS of the PRIVY COUNCIL of the 20th
 October, 1831.
 IX. STATE of the GOVERNMENT.
 "We must take the liberty of asserting, that a more malignant
 attack upon the character of any administration, is not to be
 found in the history of human wickedness, than in a recent article
 in the Quarterly Review."—*Times*, Nov. 7.
 Albemarle-street, Nov. 2.
 John Murray, Albemarle-street.

A CHRISTMAS PRESENT FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.
 This day is published, embellished with thirty-six appropriate
 Engravings on Wood, neatly printed on super-royal, 18mo.
HOME FOR THE HOLIDAYS!
 This little Book consists of Conversations, designed to be in-
 structive and amusing, divided into Eleven Chapters, (extending
 to 122 pages,) on Education—the Letters I. B. S. explained—the
 Partridge and the Quail—Hudson's Bay—the Duck—the
 Spider—the Heron—Stuffed Birds—the Haddock—Effects of In-
 temperance—the Lion—the Zebra—the Kangaroo—the Opossum—
 Show of Animals—Ruins at Mayfield—Shipping—A Sloop—A
 Steamer—A Roman Ship—the Compass—the Tempest—the Lapis
 Lazuli—the Bee—the Bible—Court of Kings—the Bench—A
 freed the Great—Electricity—the Leyden Jar—Dr. Franklin—
 Royal Exchange—the West End—the Living Skeleton—the
 Thames—Rail-roads—Wind Carriages—Flying—Swimming—
 Stone Quarry—Casting a Hammer—London Bridge—Westminster
 Ditto—Chain-bridges—Falconry—the Dog—Gay Fawkes—A poor
 Soldier—Twelfth-Day explained—Christmas nearly over; &c.
 Whittaker, Treacher, and Co. Ave Maria-lane.

JUKES ON LAVEMENTS.
 This day is published, price 3s.
ON INDIGESTION AND COSTIVENESS.
 With Hints to both Sexes on the important, safe, and
 efficacious means of relieving Diseases of the Digestive Organs
 by Lavements, including Directions for the selection and use of
 Apparatuses for their Administration; and the best Medicinal
 Preparations for intestinal and other Injections. To which is
 added, Observations on the mode of preserving Health and pro-
 longing Life, by Air, Exercise, Sleep, Clothing, &c.; including
 many useful Family Prescriptions. The whole illustrated by
 Wood Engravings.
 By EDWARD JUKES, Surgeon,
 Inventor of the Stomach Pump.
 2nd edition, with considerable Additions and extra Plates.
 London: Edgingham Wilson, &c. Royal Exchange.

LORD BYRON'S NEW POEM.
THE NOSEYAG; A GAGE D'AMOUR
 AND MUSICAL CADEZ, for 1832, edited by F. W. N.
 BAYLEY and J. F. DANNELEY, contains an unpublished Poem
 of the late Lord Byron, and other Contributions by Alaric Watts,
 Haynes Barry, Sebastian Knowles, the Rev. Leslie Bowles, W.
 Kennedy, Esq., and other eminent Writers, and splendidly illus-
 trated by Ganci and Netherfield. Price 10s. 6d.
 Danneley, 13, Regent-street, Pall Mall. Where may be had the
 distinguished Bales.
 I'll remember thee!

NEW FLUTE MUSIC, SOLOS.
BERRINGER'S TWELVE NATIONAL AIRS, with easy
 Variations, viz.: Rule Britannia—Flow on, thou Shining River—
 Weber's last Waltz—Beethoven's ditto—Ah! Perdona—Alpine Mel-
 lody—German Shepherd's Song—March in Manusello—Last Rose
 of Summer—Come your Fairies—Blue Bells of Scotland—and
 My Lodging is on the Cold Ground; each, 1s. 6d. Master and
 Scholar—and, ditto, 30 Airs for two Flutes, two books, each, 2s.
 Flute and Piano: Brown's Fantasia on Ziti, Ziti—Mancelles
 Flute; each, 2s. Do's three Scotch Airs, each, 2s. Do's Non
 plus Mea—Through the Forests—and La Blondina; each, 3s.
 Dresden's 144 Melodias of various Nations, 12 books, each, 3s.
 Do's Method, 2s. Drouin's do, 2s. And 500 other Works for
 the Flute; and Winter's Overture Timoteo, as a Septet, by
 Seine, 7s. 6d.
 London: Published by R. Cocks and Co. 20, Princes-street,
 Hanover-square.

HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY OF LONDON.
 This day is published, price 7s. 6d.
A CATALOGUE OF THE FRUITS CULTI-
VATED IN THE GARDEN OF THE SOCIETY, 2nd edition.
 With an Explanation of their Qualities, Synonyms, Seasons, and
 other useful Particulars.
 To be had at the Society's Office, 21, Regent-street; and of all
 Booksellers.

Just published,
THE LAME LEADING THE BLIND.
 Engraved in line by HENRY BECKWITH, from a Picture
 by CHARLES HANCOCK.
 Price of Prints, 7s. 6d.; Proofs, 10s. 6d.; Proofs before the
 writing, 15s.
 London: F. G. Harding, 24, Cornhill.

This day is published, price 6d.
A PASTORAL LETTER on the PRESENT
ASPECT OF THE TIMES; addressed to the Clergy, the
 Gentry, and Inhabitants of the Diocese of Bath and Wells.
 By GEORGE D. BAY, D.D.,
 Bishop of Bath and Wells.
 Printed for J. Rodwell, 46, New Bond-street; Rivingtons, St.
 Paul's Church-yard, and Waterloo-place; Parker, Oxford; and
 Deighton, Cambridge. Of whom may be had,
 J. Rodwell's Catalogue of Old Books, gratis.

COMPANION TO THE WAVERLEY NOVELS.
 In small 8vo. neatly bound and beautifully embellished,
STANDARD NOVELS. No. X.
 Containing Brockden Brown's powerful Story of
 EDGAR HUNTLEY;
 or, the SLEEP WALKER; with a Memoir of the Author, and the
 Conclusion of the Gleaner Bean, by Schiller.
 No. I. Contain the Pilot, by Cooper.
 No. II. Caleb Williams, by Godwin.
 No. III. The Spy, by Cooper.
 No. IV. Thaddeus of Warsaw, by
 Miss Jane Porter.
 No. V. St. Leon, by Godwin.
 No. VI. to be published January 1st, will contain The Hun-
 drian Brothers, by Miss Ann Porter.
 The celebrated CANNIBAL TALES, by the Misses Lee, with
 Deign by Stephano, will appear in an early volume.
 Each volume may be had separately.
 Henry Colburn and Richard Bentley, New Burlington-street.

PICKERING'S ALDINE EDITION OF
THE BRITISH POETS. Vol. XVII. price 5s. Containing
 the POEMS OF MILTON. Vol. I. With a Portrait; Original
 Memoir and Notes by the Rev. JOHN MITFORD.
 The following have already appeared, and may be purchased
 separately:
 I. II.
THE POEMS OF ROBERT BURNS.
 With an Original Memoir, Portrait, and Additional Poems.
 III. IV.
THE POEMS OF JAMES THOMSON.
 With an Original Memoir, Portrait, and upwards of twenty
 Additional Poems never before printed.
 V.
THE POEMS OF WILLIAM COLLINS.
 With an Original Memoir, Portrait, and Essay on his Genius, and
 an Additional Poem.
 VI.
THE POEMS OF H. KIRKE WHITE.
 With an Original Memoir, Portrait, and Additional Poems.
 VII.
THE POEMS OF WILLIAM COWPER.
 With an Original Memoir and Portrait, including his Transla-
 tions from Milton, Madame Guion, &c. the most complete
 edition extant.

X. XI.
THE POEMS OF HENRY HOWARD, EARL OF
SURREY; AND SIR THOMAS WYATT.
 With Original Memoirs, and Portraits.
 XII.
THE POEMS OF JAMES BEATTIE.
 With an Original Memoir by the Rev. Alexander Dyce; Portrait,
 and Additional Poems.
 XIII. XIV. XV.
THE POEMS OF ALEXANDER POPE.
 With a Memoir by the Rev. Alexander Dyce, and Portrait.
 XVI.
THE POEMS OF OLIVER GOLDSMITH.
 With an Original Memoir and Notes by the Rev. John Mitford,
 and some Additional Poems.

For the convenience of Subscribers, a NEW ISSUE of the
 ALDINE POETS will commence on the first of January, with
 the POEMS OF BURNS, Vol. I.
 William Pickering, Publisher, Chancery-lane, London.

THE EDINBURGH LITERARY
JOURNAL is the only Weekly Periodical in Scotland de-
 voted exclusively to Literary Criticism, Miscellaneous Literary
 Articles, Literary News, the Drama, and the Fine Arts. In all
 these departments it challenges competition with any British
 Weekly Publication. Above all, its Conductors have aimed at
 distinguishing themselves by independence and fearless honesty.
 In everything relating to the Literature and the Arts of Scotland,
 the Edinburgh Literary Journal will be found to have superior
 claims to public attention.
 Published every Saturday Morning, in Edinburgh, by William
 Tait, 7s, Prince-street; in Glasgow, by Adamson and Co. 84,
 Tron-gate; and sold by every Bookseller in Scotland. Sold in
 London by Edgingham Wilson, Royal Exchange; Hurst, Chance,
 and Co. St. Paul's Church-yard; and R. Heward, 2, Wellington-
 street, Strand. Sold also by all Booksellers, News-men, &c.
 throughout the Kingdom. In royal 8vo. price 6d.; or 10d.
 stamped, and sent free by Post. To be had also in Monthly Parts,
 price 2s.

TO ADVERTISERS.
 The Edinburgh Literary Journal is the best vehicle for Adver-
 tisements connected with Literature and the Arts, intended to be
 extensively circulated among the classes in Scotland who take an
 interest in such Advertisements; the Journal being seen by the
 Booksellers and Musicians of every town in Scotland, and a
 large number of their customers.

WALLACE'S TREATISE ON GEOMETRY.
 In one vol. duodecimo, with plates, 2s. in cloth,
TREATISE ON GEOMETRY; com-
 prising a copious demonstration of the Elements of Euclid,
 with a Commentary, Theoretical and Practical, and a Collection
 of Propositions for Exercises, intended for the use of Students.
 By ROBERT WALLACE, A.A.S.
 Teacher of Mathematics, &c. Glasgow.
 "Mr. Wallace, in the work before us, may almost be said to
 have macadamized Euclid; he has condensed and simplified the
 work, shortened the demonstrations, and facilitated, in no ordi-
 nary degree, the study of the science. There are several other
 improvements, which render this book the best, as it is the
 cheapest work of the sort published."—*Scott Times*.
 Printed for Thomas Feggs, 73, Cheapside, London; R. Griffin
 and Co. Glasgow; and sold by all Booksellers.

On Wednesday next,
THE ROBBER.
 By the Author of 'Charley the Fatalist.' 3 vols.
 WORKS NOW READY.

II.
CAMERON: A NOVEL.
 "Its dialogues and scenes sometimes very strongly remind us
 of the authors of 'Self Control,' and sometimes again of the
 authors of 'Marriage' and 'Inheritance.' There is some pic-
 tures of life in Scotland scarcely to be surpassed."—*Spectator*.

III.
LIVES OF THE ITALIAN POETS.
 By the Rev. H. Stebbing. New edition, with many new Lives,
 including that of Ugo Foscolo, and other important additions.
 3 vols.

IV.
THE FALSE STEP.
 A Novel, in 3 vols.
 "Full of deep and touching interest, with a high moral tone
 pervading it."—*La Belle Assemblée*.

V.
THE ANATOMY OF SOCIETY.
 By J. A. St. John. 2 vols.
 "This work teems with thought."—*Herald*.

VI.
THE KING'S SECRET.
 By the Author of 'The Last Heir.' New Edition. 3 vols.
 "One of the very best of our historic fictions."—*Literary Gazette*.
 Printed for Edward Bull, New Public Subscription Library,
 26, Holles-street, Cavendish-square.

EDINBURGH WEEKLY CHRONICLE;
 A Newspaper of the most Liberal Principles, published on
 Saturday Afternoon, and forwarded to all Parts of the Country
 by the Evening Mail.
 The Edinburgh Chronicle embodies, in a condensed form, the
 whole News of the Week, including the latest London News of
 importance, extracted from the London Papers, which arrive on
 Saturday afternoon. From its large size, and the quantity of small
 type used, the Chronicle contains more News and Original Articles
 than a single Number of any other Edinburgh Newspaper.
 Besides a compendious Register of passing events, a full sum-
 mary of the latest and most accurate Intelligence, and the Agri-
 cultural and Commercial Lists, which the Edinburgh Chronicle
 has long exhibited, it now embraces a wider range of Literary
 and Political disquisition, and devotes considerable attention to
 the lively and piquant gossip of the day, to Criticisms on Paint-
 ing, Music, and the Drama.
 The principles advocated in the Chronicle are, in the most
 emphatic sense of the word, independent. The Proprietors and
 Conductors of the Paper have no connexion with any set of men,
 no dependence upon either the Whig or Tory party. Their party
 is that of the people.
OFFICE OF THE EDINBURGH WEEKLY CHRONICLE,
 78, PRINCE-STREET, EDINBURGH.
 Orders and Advertisements received by Robert Heward, 2, Wel-
 lington-street, Strand, and Barker and Co. Fleet-street, London;
 and all News-Agents in Town or Country. Present circulation of
 the Edinburgh Weekly Chronicle, between 1830 and 1831
 copies—one of the largest in Scotland.

INTERESTING NEW PUBLICATIONS.

I.
NEWTON FORSTER;
 or, THE MERCHANT SERVICE. By the Author of
 'The King's Own.' In 3 vols. post 8vo. price 14. 4s. boards.

II.
CHAUNT OF THE CHOLERA.
SONGS FOR IRELAND.
 By the Authors of 'The O'Hara Tales,' 'The Smuggler,' &c.
 In 1 vol. 12mo. 2s. 6d. boards.

III.
THE CABA L.
 A TALE OF THE REIGN OF WILLIAM THE FOURTH.
 "A lively sketch of the politics of the day, as they operate
 behind the scenes of aristocratic life."—*Spectator*.

AND, IN A FEW DAYS,
THE PARLIAMENTARY POCKET-BOOK
 FOR 1832.
 In 1 thick volume, crown 8vo. price 18s. bound.

IV.
NORMAN ABBEY:
 A TALE OF SHERWOOD FOREST. By a Lady. In 3 vols.
 post 8vo. price 11. 4s. boards.

V.
THE BOTANIST'S ANNUAL.
 By the Author of 'The British Naturalist.' In 1 handsome
 volume, 8vo. price 15s. bound in morocco.
 Printed for James Cochrane and Co. 11, Waterloo-place.

London: J. HOLMES, Took's Court, Chancery Lane.
 Published every Saturday at the ATHENÆUM OFFICE, 7,
 CATHEDRAL STREET, Strand, by J. LECTION; and sold by
 all Booksellers and News-vendors in Town and Country:
 G. G. BENNIS, No. 55, Rue Neuve St. Augustin, Paris; Messrs.
 PRATT & BARRY, Brussels; PERthes & Bessens, Hamburg;
 F. ELKHORN, Leipzig; G. L. BOWEN, Boston, America;
 Price 2d.; or in Monthly Parts (in a wrapper).
 Advertisements, and Communications for the Editor (post paid)
 to be forwarded to the Office as above.